

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

OCTOBER 3, 1936

NEXT WEEK

FASCISM OR COMMUNISM? Which is the greater threat? The question is asked constantly. The answers are surprisingly vague and confused. There is a need to point out a few important and timely distinctions, to establish a few basic principles. Some light on the murky problem will be offered by one of the best informed observers, our editor JOHN LAFARGE.

PLEBISCITE RETURNS. Some months ago AMERICA conducted a poll on the best contemporary Catholic authors, that is, a vote choosing the twenty-five foreign and the fifteen American "contemporary immortals" in literature. Webster College wished to erect them into a Permanent Gallery. The totals resultant from the popular vote conducted by AMERICA and the academy vote conducted by the international Academy of the Webster College Gallery will be announced next week by the EDITOR.

STUDENT CONSTRUCTIVE ACTIVITY was declared by a correspondent in our columns to be sadly lacking in Catholic colleges. 'Tis false, several subsequent letters from correspondents have declared. A factual reply is returned by one most competent to respond, the Fordham professor of philosophy, IGNATIUS W. COX.

NIGHT WATCH is one of those charming yet meaningful interludes that we like to publish and our readers enjoy reading. It is by one of those who watches in the hospitals of the world from sunset to sunrise, JULIA CASSIDY.

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AMERICA, Published weekly by The America Press, 461 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y., October 3, 1936, Vol. LV, No. 26. Whole No. 1408. Telephone MEDallion 3-3082. Cable Address: Cathreview. United States, 10 cents a copy; yearly \$4.00; Canada, \$4.50; Europe, \$5.00. Entered as second class matter, April 15, 1909, at the Post Office at New York, under Act of March 3, 1879. AMERICA, A Catholic Review of the Week, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

COMMENT

WEEKS ago AMERICA protested against calling the anti-Government forces in Spain *rebels*. But what to call them? *Anti-Government* is not only clumsy but an admission that they really are rebels. It destroys their whole contention that they are fighting not against a legitimately organized government but against elements subversive of all government. *Forces of the Right* is entirely too vague, too colorless. Referring to them as *Insurgents* offers less difficulty than other designations. It is a neutral word, yet it identifies them as the attacking party without the opprobrium of the word *rebels*. But it is a glamorous, unenthusiastic word. There is nothing in it of the rallying cry of the oppressed against their persecutors. It cannot gain the spontaneous sympathy that Spanish Communists have gained in uninformed quarters by dubbing themselves *Loyalists* and *Defenders of Democracy*. And until recently the Insurgents themselves while echoing AMERICA'S protest against the use of *rebels* have offered no substitute. They seemed not to realize the power in a name. In Catalonia, however, their leaders have adopted the name *Nationalists*, and have bestowed on their enemies the title of *Marxists*. We feel grateful to these leaders. *Nationalists* is a satisfying name, a patriotic name, an appropriate name. It speaks a love of Spain and a determination to save Spain from the enemies of all democracy, the Marxists.

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STRANGE it is that the patriotism of a people is often centered about its historic monuments which speak to them of their life story, of their conquests and sufferings. And so it seems to us that the Government forces in Spain committed a grave crime, when a prepared mine blew up a section of the ancient Alcazar in Toledo on September 18, with the purpose of dislodging the 1200 men, who held the old fortress against every assault. The garrison evidently did not surrender because sad experience had taught them that guarantees of safety have been frequently violated in the ranks of the present Government. We have a feeling, too, that the destruction of the Alcazar was a contemptuous gesture at the old army, for the fortress was Spain's "West Point." But whatever the reason, we cannot but view the act as a serious blunder for the cause of the Reds. For the Alcazar stood as one of the oldest monuments in Spain, dating back even to Roman times. Here Alfonso VI hoisted his victorious flag after his triumph over the Moors in the siege of Toledo. Here lived the immortalized Cid as governor of the city. Naturally with the centuries it had been enlarged and embellished by such national heroes as Alfonso the Learned, Ferdinand and Isabella, Charles V, and Philip II. The Alcazar stands for everything that is glorious and sacred in

the history of Spain's grandeur. Its destruction by the Government must certainly cause a reaction. A few weeks ago a company of Government troops discharged their guns against the massive statue of the Sacred Heart, erected in recent years by the contributions of the entire nation and solemnly dedicated by their ruler in the name of the Spanish race to Christ the King. The effect of such vandalism will be to cement the patriotic feelings of the entire people against these destructionists, who are trampling under foot their traditions, their rights, their monuments, their Churches and their God.

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PATIENCE, fortitude, and Christian forgiveness frequently must adorn the tool-kit of the informed Catholic worker who organizes and directs labor unions. Alive himself to the wrongs against labor and self-taught as to the remedies for them, in fellow-workers of his own Faith he meets ignorance and lethargy. They love the Church, they obey her, but her teachings on social justice they have not yet troubled to learn. In consequence they hang back with something like suspicion when their better-instructed leader urges them forward. They leave him largely helpless. When work simply must be done they give him no choice but to turn to subversive anti-Christian elements among labor which he hates and mistrusts. With chagrin he sees his fellow-religionists at the time of strike withdrawing to their chill fireside alone while anti-religionists man the soup-kitchens, fill the broadsides, and at the street-corners carefully indoctrinate the workers as they put soul into them to go on with the fight. And as if that were not enough, the Christian warrior for social justice gets a staggering blow when his company dismisses him precisely for his union activities, and the manager responsible for it is a fellow-Catholic. Instruction, that is the need, intensive instruction for the worker and no less for the employer, in the whole field of Catholic social and religious principles. Instruction, such as is being given in the Catholic schools of Social Service in Philadelphia and New York should be offered to the workingman in every metropolitan area.

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THE Middle Ages used to be a favorite example of writers and speakers who wished by comparison to extol the enlightenment and progress of our modern civilization. Some used them loosely as a convenient peg on which to hang charges to vent their spleen against the Church. Protestant scholars have done as much as our own to prove that the period of history correctly so denominated, whatever its other drawbacks, was not dark. There were many

things in the Middle Ages that shock the sensibilities of an unprejudiced person of today, and our progress over the period is not restricted to applied science. But centuries that gave us Anselm, Abelard, Aquinas, Bonaventure, Duns Scotus, Roger Bacon, Dante, Bernard, Dominic, and Francis of Assisi were not likely to be cloaked in Cimmerian darkness. It is rather to awkwardness than bigotry one would attribute the lapse now. Governor Lehman is entitled to his deep trust in the preservation of our political liberty. "America," he writes in *The American Hebrew*, "is a nation of a great ideal and as long as the nation endures, that ideal must be cherished. Other nations may reject that ideal and temporarily turn back to the darkness of the Middle Ages." In these days of rampant nationalism the historian can find in the Middle Ages a solidarity of thought and striving that induces a nostalgia in the comparative study of our shifting political scene in Europe and the world.

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FAR away from the comforts of civilization is Charity, on the Pomeroon River in British Guiana. From all accounts as narrated by the President of the John F. Slater Fund, Arthur D. Wright, in the recently published report of that institution, living conditions in Charity are of the type that Washington, D. C., experts pleasantly call marginal, or more or less on the edge of things; so that the populace must do quite a bit of scrambling even to keep grasp of life itself. Yet St. Francis Roman Catholic School, for native children, manages to maintain a precarious existence in Charity, as does its native Principal, Mrs. Hunter. In the process of school inspection, Mrs. Hunter was asked the (presumably routine) question: "Did she have a nice place to live?" And it was quite obvious, reflects Dr. Wright, that she did not. To which she replied: "I make it a nice place." This, further reflects the Fund Report, was a "classic answer." Most of us will concur in the verdict. If people who lived in *any* place "made them" nice places, they would be nice places; and they would be 150 per cent nicer than most of the places that are ready-made as nice. Our Lady, we imagine, did something of this sort with Nazareth. All that it takes is charity with a pinch of common-sense; and we do not need to visit the Pomeroon River to buy that.

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THOUGHTS of what *could* be accomplished by an effective union on Christian principles are aroused by the resolution calling for a world conference on peace that was adopted by the World Alliance for International Friendship through the Churches at their recent meeting in Chamby, Switzerland. With the three major emphases of this resolution there can be no reasonable disagreement. It calls for a "newer and better beginning in world-affairs" as essential to any further progress in the cause of peace. More "adjustments in the structure and procedure of the League of Nations" are not enough: "a different spirit is required." The resolution declares "that the solution of the world-problem is to

be sought in the Christian Faith, whence comes the power to change the motive and direction of personal and public activity." An impartial survey must be made of economic grievances, including colonial questions, as a lasting cause of dissension. But what can be expected of the method for attaining these important ends called for by the resolution? The League of Nations is urged to call "at the earliest practicable date a World Conference on these subjects, open to all States." In theory, such a conference should be effective. But the grim reality is that in the very first seats at such a conference table will sit the representatives of countries which are interested in maintaining economic grievances, as a cause of dissension and international disruption; of countries and policies pledged to prevent a solution based upon the Christian Faith or any other religious faith, in any shape or form; of countries whose governments are motivated by pure selfishness and cynical disregard of human rights. The best the conference can do is to bring these policies into still sharper evidence, if that be possible. But is that meager fruit worth the disappointment that must result therefrom? It is not time to devote more attention to laying spiritual groundwork for future conferences and less to elaborate organization of effort that, when it fails, is but an additional plea for war?

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UNCERTAINTY and confusion unconfined confronted the assembly of the League of Nations fixed to meet September 23. It appeared even doubtful whether it will meet or a postponement be called for. The answer to the July resolution inviting all member states to send proposals of reform includes up to writing only four Governments: Russia, France, Uruguay, and Sweden. The British Government, that held such high hopes of the League at the beginning of the Ethiopian war, is now particularly inactive and perplexed. The report published by the Royal Institute of International Affairs, covering in its membership almost every shade of political thought, only adds to the confusion. The *Manchester Guardian* says of it: "It would not be unfair to say that the principal result of twenty-seven intelligent men having taken part in five discussions is one hundred thirty-five divergent views on the League." About the only point made clear is the death of economic sanctions as an instrument for abolishing war. The futility of the League in effecting its primary purpose is shown by the conclusion reached by Lord Lothian that the League should be preserved for its secondary social and industrial activities, and as an institution through which the powers would keep in touch with each other. His substitute is regional pacts and the voluntary alliance or federation of sovereign states. Britain's actual substitute is an increased army and navy. Even the severest critics of the League did not foresee such quick frustration. The other members of the Royal Institute had the most varied suggestions of the function the League might serve, now that the ambitious plans of its ardent, but either idealistic or selfish, authors have been shelved.

DOES PUNISHMENT LESSEN CRIME?

Why not try it and find out?

JOHN WILTBYE

PENOLOGISTS (let not the fearsome word fright you) penologists of a certain school are wont to decry the worth of punishment as a deterrent of crime. These learned gentlemen, it seems to me, have fallen behind the times. I beg leave to suggest that they dip into the stream of crime as it rages past them, and try to seine out a case of kidnaping. I do not mean the ordinary phenomenon of child-stealing which usually is traced to a half-demented woman who needs the care of the physician rather than the attention of the district attorney. What I have in mind is the studied crime which consists in kidnaping some wealthy man, or a member of his family, and holding him for ransom. My penologist will dip his finest-meshed net in vain. The stream is empty.

Now five, even two, years ago, the stream was clogged. Today kidnaping has practically disappeared from the national scene. What has brought about this change?

The answer to that question is easy. The Federal Government turned uneasily in its sleep a few years ago, and issued a decree. "This thing has gone far enough," said Washington. "Kidnaping is a profitable crime, but we are going to take the profit out of it. Kidnaping is a popular crime, but we propose to make it as unpopular as taxes. How? We shall punish the kidnaper, and we serve notice hereby that every kidnaper will either be shot or jailed." Thereupon, the Government armed its agents, and sent them out. Kidnapers who resisted, but who somehow escaped their fire, were promptly indicted, tried and sentenced. The Government's threat was no "bluff." All the kidnapers have either been shot to death or imprisoned for life.

Shyster lawyers who wheeled into action the usual batteries of perjury and coercion were also arrested, and today most of them share prison stripes with their former clients. The Government then turned its attention to the professional witness, who will swear to anything for a price, and to gangsters, employed by the shysters to intimidate or murder honest witnesses. They too have joined their former employers, and the entire grisly crew, with the exception of those shot to death, and a few who committed suicide, will crack rock or pick oakum for the rest of their days.

The thing is almost a demonstration. The kidnaper was offered the only persuasion he could understand—the threat of punishment. When he declined to understand, he was punished, promptly, inescapably. Kidnaping no longer exists, because prospective kidnapers know that they will be caught and punished. Hence most of them have turned to less dangerous forms of crime, and the others have retired into a state of innocuous desuetude. As a deterrent, punishment, speedily inflicted, has worked.

I seriously suggest that the same process be applied to murderers. Murder is common in this country because it is fairly easy to blow a man's head off, and never be inconvenienced by the police. I must note an exception: do not murder a man for his insurance. If you do, the insurance company will push the case, and you may be hanged. But murder, with this exception, is profitable and fairly safe; as an avocation, it shows a mortality rate much lower than that of mining, drilling, or fishing for cod. The murderer has on his side an apathetic public, from which juries are drawn, the lazy district attorney, and the shyster, flanked by his professional witnesses and gangsters. Should the murderer be a member of the so-called weaker sex, every editor in the vicinage will marshal a staff of sob sisters to present the case to the public before it gets to the jury; if ever it gets that far, which, frequently, it does not.

Hence, few murderers go to the gallows. As for the life sentence, J. Edgar Hoover vouches for the fact that in the United States, the life sentence for murder lasts just forty-three months and fifteen days. If you wish to crack rock longer, steal an automobile.

Of course, the best deterrent for crime is a good home and a religious training for the child. The home, with a wife in it, and a husband who appreciates the tremendous extent of her work, and tries to help her, together with a lot of children who both plague them and make them the happiest people in the world, is the foundation on which civilization must rest. Yet there are other deterrents, and one is punishment. But it must be inflicted. No medicine, corked up in a bottle, can do its work.

THREE CENTURIES OF PROSPERITY

John Harvard looks at Harvard

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

MOST melancholy was the pun perpetrated at the Harvard Tercentenary by the professor of Latin when, turning to President Conant, he felicitated that brilliant young executive on *et Conantem et efficientem iam sua consilia*. I shall not cite the rest of the paragraph, first, because I do not remember it, and next, because I never try to recall jokes that sadden my spirits.

But the whole celebration was really very sad. As I pictured John Harvard in that gathering at Cambridge, I saw his long lean face grow longer and leaner, until it settled into a cast of inflexible melancholy. Was it for this that I gave my books and my money, he seemed to ask. One of the orations delivered on the occasion was decidedly papistical in tone, and all the others were conceived in a spirit which John Harvard would have abhorred with all his being.

For this John Harvard was no weak latitudinarian either in logic or in religion. He hated papists because he believed, poor man, that they had corrupted the Faith once delivered to the Saints. He hated any and all who disagreed with his interpretation of the content and purport of Divine revelation, holding them to be no better than wolves in sheep's clothing. As he paced the lanes of old Boston and Southwark, no doubts as to the truth and righteousness of his position assailed his mind. Liberty of political thought, liberty to profess one's religion, was a right, he knew; that is, when the thinker thought correctly, and when his religion was free from error. The right could be used, then, only when the method of use was what he thought a proper method.

Better than his principles (as so many, thank God, are) John Harvard, we may suppose, did not hate men, but their doctrine. In any case he greatly wished to aid this little school at Cambridge because he believed that it would support his views of what could be done to promote the cause of Christ and the Church. His disappointment last week was bitter. The little school, now the most opulently endowed of all universities in the New World, had grown so little in godliness that "For Christ and the Church," was now, he saw, nothing but a sterile legend on the university's original seal. Harvard, he perceived, had no link with the past

forged by loyalty to its original ideal, but only the link forged by several centuries of temporal prosperity.

Oxford, it has been said, is the home of lost causes, fought for to death, forever cherished with passionate love and sorrow. John Harvard might well think his school had become the home of many causes, with those of them worth dying for, lost or disavowed, and forgotten. "May we know what this new doctrine whereof thou speakest is?" asks Harvard. "For thou bringest certain strange things to our ears; we would know therefore what these things mean." Some scoff when the orator ends his discourse, but most lose interest before he has finished, and dismiss him with a polite: "We will hear thee again concerning this matter." For St. Paul has never been in good standing at Harvard. His notion of the possibility of attaining religious truth with certainty differs from that of William James—and James, dead these many years, is still the best that Harvard, hospitable to many causes, devoted to none that most deeply affect men and nations, has to offer.

For at Harvard, revealed religion does not matter. If we did not know that from Harvard's works for two centuries, the address of her distinguished alumnus, President Roosevelt, would prove the fact abundantly. Here, said the President, we are not trained to be lawyers or doctors; "here is to be trained in the fullest sense—man." We agree with this idea of a university. But in the President's mind, in Harvard's, what does religion assume in that training?

Mr. Roosevelt holds up the "high Athenian sense which compels a man to live his life, unceasingly aware that its civic significance is its most abiding." But what shall give inner power to that civic life? Shall we find the answer in the President's "wisdom to choose ways to achieve which do not hurt one's neighbors?" But, again, out of what soil does that "wisdom" grow? And is it not a less exalted ideal which is content not to "hurt"? We cannot live completely on negations.

No one except a savant from Paris mentioned God in these proceedings. The general omission was in keeping with the occasion. What part has God in education at this modern Hill of Mars?

TE DEUM OVER HELL GATE

Holy Name men praise Christ the King

GERARD DONNELLY, S.J.

THE high spot of the Holy Name men's national convention in New York was, of course, the mammoth rally at Randall's Island.

Perhaps the out-of-town reader ought to be told at once that Randall's Island—despite its name and the suggestion of far distance from the city's docks—is really not as isolated as it sounds. At One Hundred Twenty-fifth Street the river bounding Manhattan on the east splits into the two arms of a capital Y. One arm reaches off to the right through Hell Gate and on into the Sound. The other, a narrow and placid stream politely called the Harlem River, twists to the west and north until it meets the Hudson. Randall's Island lies exactly at the fork of the Y, just off the spot where the Bronx thrusts a sharp point of land southwards into the river. Thus the Island is only a short stone's throw away from the subways, elevateds, and bus lines, and from one of the busiest cross streets of upper Manhattan.

Since, however, the vast majority of New Yorkers are not marine-minded and would no more think of climbing into a river skiff than they would dream of boarding the China Clipper, this narrow stretch of water off the east shore has hitherto served as a barrier in keeping them off the Island. But last year a benign City and Federal Government built the Triborough Bridge—a great sprawling structure which, for a mile or two of its snaky length, arches directly over Randall's Island. Since the opening of the bridge, the island has become a park and recreation center, with wide athletic fields, hot dog stands galore, a corps of zouave-drilling groundkeepers, a police force, a musical comedy stage, and a new stadium capable of seating about 50,000 people.

At the big rally of Sunday, September 19, not only was every one of these seats occupied, but the vast green lawn of the football field was completely hidden by some 25,000 standees. Facing the open air altar erected at one end of the stadium, this crowd—almost wholly masculine and one of the largest ever to participate in a religious demonstration in this part of the country—made a magnificent and inspiring spectacle. Especially in the unusual setting.

The day was gray, with a constant threat of rain,

though there were occasional bursts of brilliant sunshine. Off to the south, far across the water and softened by the mist, the tall towers of mid-Manhattan formed a cyclorama having the magic quality of Maxfield Parrish's famous drawing of the City of Brass. A flock of inquisitive sea gulls wheeled high over the crowd. Organ music, stepped up a thousandfold by the magnavox horns, rolled over the field, and as the long line of clergy mounted to their places at the altar, a clear tenor voice began the *Panis Angelicus*, that glorious hymn set to soaring music by Pietro Yon. At the first note a reverent silence fell upon the crowd—broken only by an occasional hoarse bellow from the tugs that slipped south towards the Bay.

The orator of the day—although, to be sure, a number of officials and ecclesiastics also spoke—was Alfred E. Smith. The "Governor" was brief (there were the usual annoying broadcast restrictions upon time), but he aroused his auditors to immense enthusiasm when in his own vivid way he explained the essential idea of the Holy Name Society and the purpose of the present demonstration. Atheism, he said, used to be a private and fugitive thing; formerly the man who denied the existence of God shrank from openly admitting his views; if ever he admitted them, his fellow citizens were likely to look upon him with amazement and something like horror. But all this has changed during the past few years, the "Governor" continued. Not only individuals but whole nations now repudiate God; moreover, they boldly flaunt their disbelief and seek converts throughout the rest of the world. What is needed—as reparation to God for these national dishonorings—is open, public, and social worship, such as these rallies of Holy Name men, gathered to profess their faith in Christ the Lord of men and of nations.

"We challenge the theory," said Mr. Smith,

that religion is individual and not social, and that it should not intrude into the social, political, and ecclesiastical life of a nation. We further challenge the theory that it makes no difference what you are if only you keep it to yourself. . . . Unless we challenge these theories, the entire social fabric will be divorced from all moral and ethical relations, and its guiding principles will be one of expediency.

The "Governor's" peroration was a ringing act

of faith. It was, however, phrased in such typical fashion that the press, as it turned out next day, was startled, confessing amazement that a layman "standing before the high dignitaries and the very altar of his Church" could employ such informal language. But despite the raised eyebrows of the press, the crowd, no less than the high dignitaries at the altar, found the "Governor's" language homely, heart warming, familiar, and immensely thrilling. "Do we need Almighty God?" cried Mr. Smith in his husky voice. "Do we need Him? *Oh boy*, I don't know what we are going to do without Him!"

This speech, moving as it proved to be, was not the climax of the rally. The real climax came when the 75,000 men recited, in unison and before the Eucharist, the pledge of their society. The deep thunder of these many voices, blessing the Name of the Saviour, promising good example, pledging obedience to authority, rose up from the stadium and echoed across the water like a great Gloria or Te Deum, and no man of all the thousands who heard it will ever be able to put the memory out of his mind.

For not only was it a majestic public prayer; it was a typically Catholic and American thing. No other church, no matter how deep the faith and devotion of its adherents, could ever hope to reproduce anything like it, let alone bring so many men together for a purely religious service. And although I am not conversant with the numbers and activities of the Holy Name society in other lands, I hazard the opinion that it is only here in the United States that men—and so vast a number of them—would voluntarily march behind banners and bugles through the streets of a metropolis and assemble in public to proclaim the rights of God and to consecrate themselves to His service. And I, for one, whenever again I read of Nazis massing in Nuremberg or Fascists in Rome or soldiers in Red Square will remember this army of American Catholic men mobilized on Randall's Island to salute their Eucharistic Leader.

The rally, however, was only the external climax of the convention—spectacular and dramatic, indeed, but giving no hint of the intensive work achieved by the delegates during the previous three days of discussion.

As the advance guard of the convention swept into the city on Thursday, they found their society honored by a special letter of approval and direction from the Pope himself. The Holy Father reminded them that the Washington convention of 1924 was still vivid in his memory. He hoped that the present meeting would also prove to be "a deeply significant affirmation of the power of Catholicism to inspire in the faithful the noblest ideals of service to God and country, and to rally them to the defense of true religion and true patriotism." He pointed out, moreover, that the Holy Name Society, which he graciously called "one of the most potent influences for good upon the American continent," had no need to search for new objectives, even though it was met in national convention. The men's job was still to preach Christ through per-

sonal good example, which he termed "the most complete apologetic." Hence, he urged the members to more frequent participation in the Sacraments and to a closer study of religious truths "as an adequate preparation for the tasks of tomorrow in the fields of Catholic thought and Catholic Action." These tasks, he warned them somberly, might soon be "so heavy and so demanding" as to call for their best efforts. Here was a hint of heroism to come, and the delegates heard the inspiring call with burning hearts.

On Friday, the group of lay delegates arrived to take over the Waldorf, St. Patrick's Cathedral, and the whole of Fiftieth Street from Lexington to the Avenue. For two days they filled the Gold Room of the nation's most famous hotel as they discussed the methods and the problems of their society. The newspapers were generous with pictures and stories.

A hurricane roaring up from the Virginia capes on Friday missed Manhattan by some miles. But it brought such a heavy downpour of rain throughout the afternoon and evening that the mammoth outdoor holy hour, planned as one of the features of the convention, had to be called off. Nevertheless, the Cathedral was packed with a mighty press of men that same evening, drawn there to offer reparation to God for the outrages against religion in Spain, Mexico, and Russia, and for the domestic sins of social injustice. Here, too, during the services the plea of the Pope was repeated by the eloquent Archbishop of Cincinnati.

At the close of its convention the Society found itself braced with a new determination to extend its name and its influence into every parish of the country, and yet vastly heartened by the history of its own tremendous growth. In a half century in the United States the Holy Name, starting practically from scratch, has—through the vigorous and practical zeal of the Dominican Fathers—established nearly 9,000 branches and enrolled an amazing total of 2,500,000 members. No tables of statistics can show the enormous good this organization has achieved for this nation in the past; nor can the leaders themselves describe the solid bulwark of spiritual strength and vital faith it is building against the dark days which, as the Holy Father hinted, lie ahead.

As the convention came to its close the more thoughtful Catholics of the city felt a debt of gratitude to the society. New Yorkers, born or adopted, love their home town and are proud of it—in the opinion of others, perhaps over much. But they know only too well that notwithstanding its heavily Catholic population theirs is a pagan and immoral city, whose faithlessness and sins are black before the face of God. But, they feel, the great public Masses offered to God during this convention, the social prayer, the corporate communion, the group reparation are certain to draw down God's mercy upon this community of eight million souls. And the Catholics of New York are proud to have had their municipal facilities—the streets and bridges and public parks—utilized in some way towards honoring Christ the King.

FIRST CENTURY MEETS THE TWENTIETH

Catholic gives Oxford grouper an idea

JOHN MOODY

LAST January, on a bitterly cold morning, I started out from New York City to drive to Florida. Within a hour it was snowing hard, and about seventy miles north of Baltimore I saw an elderly man, dressed in black, with his overcoat collar turned up, standing in the snow at the side of the road. He signaled to me. I seldom pick up hitch-hikers (having learned my lesson), but I thought this man might be a priest—he looked like one! And I decided to give him a lift. As he stepped into the car with profuse thanks, he exclaimed: "Thank God, you are the Good Samaritan! I've been praying for your arrival on this spot for the last hour!"

Then I knew he was not a priest. They never greet strangers like that. And when he turned down his coat collar this fact was confirmed. But no sooner was he comfortably seated than he turned to me and asked,

"Have you made your peace with God? Excuse me, sir, for being personal."

Had I taken aboard an escaped lunatic? Not at all. I had an Oxford Grouper, a "First Century Christian" on my hands. Having met such before, I knew the breed without any further questioning. And so I quietly replied: "Well, I hope so. At any rate, I try to be a good Catholic."

"Catholic?" he exclaimed, as he shifted to the edge of the seat, getting as far away from me as possible. "Why, why,—," he continued quite agitatedly, "you—you—you don't look like a Catholic."

"So? What does a Catholic look like?"

"Well—Catholics are generally —er—"

"You are thinking of Irish cops, perhaps," I interrupted.

"No—no! But—but you are an intelligent looking man; you are educated. I can see that."

"Thanks for the compliment," I replied. "I have always regarded myself as a good deal of a dumb-bell."

Quite seriously he waved that light remark away, looked me over from head to foot and then said: "Anyhow, Catholic or not, I hope you are a Christian. Have you always been a Catholic?"

"No, I'm a convert—but of some years standing."

"What, in your maturity? Well, that is very odd; we usually grow wiser with age. I've heard of young people going into the Catholic Church from

Protestantism; but young people are impulsive; they don't know their minds. Men of our age are usually much wiser and more discreet. Experience has taught us something."

"What is your faith?" I asked.

"I'm a First Century Christian," he proudly replied.

"Convert? In your maturity?" He assented.

"Well, that is very odd; we usually get wiser with age," I continued, paraphrasing him. "I've heard of young people going into Buchmanism; but young people are impulsive; they don't know their minds." And so on.

Unfortunately my friend was so deadly serious that my little joke fell flat. But I went on from that point telling him something about the Catholic Church; his ignorance of it was abysmal. I suggested to him that as a "First Century Christian" he should certainly know that the only Christianity then existing was the Catholic Church. This fact was new to him. And when I asked him how, as a "First Century Christian," he could function without the Scriptures, he at once fumbled in his pocket and drew out a Protestant New Testament with the remark: "Here is my Bible; I always carry it with me!" We covered at least fifty miles while I was trying to make him understand that the real first-century Christians had to get along without the King James version of the Bible.

As for the Papacy, when I tried to tell him something about St. Peter, he made this confession: "I have always had an idea that Peter was a scalawag from the beginning; he denied his Master thrice; but you are giving me a new idea. If he could head a Church like that, he must have been some pumpkins after all!" And surprising to relate, he had a very poor opinion of St. Paul; he was quite certain that the latter never properly understood our Lord. But *he* understood Him! However, he admitted that his own views on these matters were not always Dr. Buchman's, and remarked (with his first smile): "As a matter of fact, I am a *liberal* First Century Christian."

All the way to Washington we talked religion. I tried to change the subject from time to time, but he kept sticking to it. Though he was perfectly sincere, he really had no definite conception of

Christianity. Like so many modern Protestants he knew nothing of the meaning of the word "revelation," and when I used the term "revealed religion" he called it a new idea! All I could find in him at the last was a vague and indefinite pantheism. But when I accused him of being a pantheist, he said he did not know the meaning of the word.

Don't jump to the conclusion that this man was merely an uneducated ignoramus. He used perfect English and told me that he was a college graduate

and in his youth had studied for the Protestant ministry, but had dropped it primarily because he had found St. Paul "all wrong!"

Just before we parted he said: "In my time I have tried out many a religion, but always have ended in a muddle; and now you have muddled me up on First Century Christianity. But I am glad to get this news about the Catholic Church. Not that I can ever be a Catholic—but it gives me a great idea. *I am going to start something new!*"

OUR AUTHORS SHOULD BE SUPPORTED

They must live if they are to write

KATHERINE BRÉCY

THEORETICALLY, at least, our Catholic public does admit the necessity that Catholic writers must live. It has heard a vast deal about the "apostolate of the press." And during recent years it has even grown to recognize the increasing importance of the printed word in clarifying the innumerable problems of our problematical age, in bringing Catholic art and sociology and philosophy as well as Catholic Faith to bear upon our disintegrating civilization. But in practice—and this is an ironic comment on our ubiquitous and expensive educational system—the great body of Catholics have not yet learned to take pride in supporting the books and magazines which carry the best of this printed word. Nor the people who create it!

For, happily or unhappily, literature has no way of getting itself written except through the men and women who love it enough to dedicate their lives to its cause. It might be interesting for Catholic readers to know that scarcely any of the men and women who are creating their own particular literature are able to live upon the returns from their writings. Some, of course, are priests or nuns, with the modest security of the religious life back of them. A very few have small private incomes. Most of them support themselves by professing or lecturing or editing magazines, by doing "columns" or sometimes straight reporting for secular newspapers, by trying to conduct Catholic bookshops (through which, too often, they merely run further into debt) or by doing some commercial or even secretarial work. I have known one Catholic

poet who kept alive by a political social-service job; another who spent his days as floor-walker in a department store. And they were good poets, too.

Now, personally, I should say the chief objection to these extra-curricular activities for Catholic writers is that they may steal time and strength away from creative work. I have no very extravagant sympathy with the \$5,000 a year subsidies which the "Academy of American Poets" is attempting to raise in order that "genius" may be "freed from the necessity of gaining a livelihood by almost any means except the means it was born to use." The idea is magnificently seductive: but there are few geniuses, after all, fewer still who ever dream of making, or receiving, \$5,000 a year! And inspiration being an intermittent rather than a continuous state, some secondary routine work is probably better for the poet than idleness. But there always comes the danger line.

Without the solicitous and self-sacrificing care of Alice and Wilfrid Meynell—during the very years when their own large family was growing up—the supreme and supremely Catholic poetry of Francis Thompson would have been lost to the world. And many of those who knew Louise Imogen Guiney as one of the truest artists, in prose and poetry, of our American Catholic literature, would be shocked to know also that in spite of her industry as postmistress at Auburndale, librarian at Boston and research worker at her beloved Oxford, all her final years were haunted not by the

"Holy Poverty" she had gaily bantered in youth but by an unholy destitution which numbed her creative powers and hastened the merciful "stroke" which brought death before her sixtieth birthday.

Poverty is, of course, not peculiar to Catholic writers: it has always stalked the writer with ideals. The "poet in a garret" was traditional long before poets became popular at afternoon teas. Indeed, many a poet still returns to his or her garret when the afternoon tea or cocktail party is over. And if the thought of Walter Scott working himself into insanity to pay his debts seems far away, we need only remember Vachel Lindsay, who died after that last desperate lecture tour which scarcely brought \$200 profit.

The root of the question today is this: who really loses most when a trained and devoted Catholic writer goes overboard, the writer or the Church Militant? For no one can deny that we need not less but more capable writers, especially here in the United States. If we are to influence public opinion as the active Jewish and the aggressive Communist strains are influencing it, we are in urgent need of journalists, novelists, poets, dramatists, historians and biographers. I have myself been holding this need before our college students, both men and women, wherever I have had the privilege of talking to them during the past five or ten years, urging them to prepare themselves for such fine work that they need fear no competition from the secular side. Quite lately I begin to wonder if such advice is kind of cruel. I begin to tremble a little as I face the question whether, as life goes on, they will receive appreciation or even support from the public for whom they write.

Young Catholic writers ought, indeed, to be warned at the beginning of their careers that—barring the remote possibility of a sudden "best seller"—they need not hope for more than one-tenth the income of any author of sensational novels or biographies or even of "pulp-magazine" fiction. Also, if they are at all well known, they will become natural targets for the most appealing of charitable appeals. They will have constant requests for free advice, free autographed copies of their books, free photographs, free original manuscripts and even free lectures. On the other hand, in these days an author must be able to travel, must be familiar with the theater and other contemporary arts in order to speak with authority. And he, or especially she, must look prosperous to command any attention at all. Some, indeed, are prosperous; but they are usually those who, even if Catholic, are not writing Catholic books.

What is the solution of this painful and humiliating problem, a problem so closely tied up with the whole future of Catholic culture? Frankly, I do not know. Perhaps there may be several ways in which this whole matter of response from the Catholic public can be made tangible to the writer. Book Clubs are good, anything which encourages the reading and buying of worth-while books is good; and it ought to go without saying that *only* the worth-while books ought to be encouraged at all. The occasional prizes offered for some special

piece of prose or poetry are admirable, both as rewards and incentives. Such scholarships as those recently sponsored by Notre Dame University for the training of Catholic lay writers seem to me a brave step in the right direction. But alas! they do not solve the problems of these same writers after they have given ten or twenty years to the creation of Catholic literature.

For the worker in any of the arts today has, of course, small promise of that "social security" which industry—with every assistance from the Government—is fast providing for its own workers. To be sure, there is a certain limited number of WPA jobs for writers, painters and actors who are, or are supposed to be, absolutely indigent. But we have practically no provision for a living wage or unemployment compensation or pensions for professional creative artists.

To the Catholic artist, or to continue our special pleading, to the Catholic writer, whose public is restricted by his subject-matter and whose income is restricted by the financial necessities of his publishers, this entire question becomes much more acute. It is a problem which will appeal chiefly, almost solely, to the highly-educated minority of Catholics, and by them it must eventually be met.

Probably our Catholic publishers cannot afford the liberal "fellowships," often equalling and even exceeding the Pulitzer or Guggenheim awards, offered yearly by secular publishers for a novel or non-fictional work. But the day may conceivably come when the greatest of our national societies of men and women, or even groups of the higher hierarchy themselves, may find it worth while—for the glory of God and the progress of the Church—to subsidize the preparation of certain needed dramas or films. There is no antidote for attractive pseudo-history except equally attractive true history; and it is very evident that the public still needs popular yet scholarly discussions of the tortured and baffling conditions in Spain, in Mexico, in Russia.

Next only to Catholic charity or ethics, it is to Catholic literature that the world looks for the message of the modern Church. Non-Catholics are, I think, quite ready to admit that this literature, at its best, has today risen to extraordinary heights of beauty and efficiency. But the disquieting fact remains that writing is one of the most sensitive of all the arts. It speaks from and to human experience, reflecting every action and reaction of contemporary life. Above all, it reflects the vitality or the exhaustion of the people who are writing it, and their relation to the other people who are reading it. No one seems able to improve upon Walt Whitman's remark that "to have great poets, we must have great audiences, too." So, after all, it is for the Catholic public, at least for the leaders of the Catholic public, to decide how Catholic writers are going to live; that is to say, how they are going to continue being Catholic writers. For François Mauriac has recently reminded us that the choice between God and Mammon does not grow any less stark or less subtle with the passing centuries.

WITH SCRIP AND STAFF

ISSUES, DILEMMAS, AND THE CONSTITUTION

THOSE of us who are fearful that the Constitution of the United States is at stake will find some comfort in the reassurance given by Thomas Reed Powell, Langdell Professor of Law at Harvard University, who writes in the autumn issue of the *Yale Review*.

The limits, he believes, that legislation and administration can go to in disregarding constitutional restraint are certainly going to be stricter in the next four years than in recent years. "The bar is again acutely 'constitution-minded,' and the courts are sanctioning new devices for early opening of the judicial door to constitutional complaints. The judicial negatives already uttered put some serious hurdles in the way of new legislative efforts. Therefore the judicial brake will operate more speedily against further national surges than it did against predecessors. When the brake operates it will operate effectively for at least four years. . . . Hence any difference between the parties about distinctly constitutional issues must find its chief practical significance in a somewhat indefinite future rather than in the newest four years."

The paramount constitutional issue, in Professor Powell's mind, is not today between State and national regulation of enterprise. "In large areas the issue is one between regulation and the chaos of *laissez faire*. . . . The surface contradiction between judicial curbs on the nation in the name of the reserved powers of the States and judicial curbs on the States in the name of individual liberty and property, is only a surface contradiction. The two curbs work together to curtail governmental control of economic enterprise."

He finds an "equal unreality" in the "ostensible position of both parties that they will simply guarantee to labor a free right to organize as it chooses." The "fierce clash of powers" in labor's struggle have brought about a situation in which Government, whether it be of one or the other party, is bound sooner or later to interfere: whether for a "mass unionization of American labor under independent leaders, comparable to that which has developed in Great Britain," which he thinks is the intention of President Roosevelt; or for the preservation of the *status quo*.

But there is a still deeper issue which Professor Powell does not discuss. The downfall of the NRA shunted it aside from the public consciousness for the time being, though it must inevitably come back. This issue was plainly pointed out by Father Wilfrid Parsons, S.J., former Editor of *AMERICA*, when he addressed the Institute of Public Affairs

held at the University of Virginia on "Government Regulation of Business." The principle of government regulation, Father Parsons said that it was safe to say, "is accepted by everybody, worker and employer alike." Yet, he added, "in the present organization of society it is the most dangerous principle now at large and the most filled with revolutionary consequences. The reason is this. Society has lost its inner organic form."

Under the medieval system of guilds, society had an organic composition, extending throughout from the production of art to the making of bread. The function of government was to supervise the operation of the lower organisms in the State, to see that they fulfilled their inner destiny. With the industrial revolution, the organic form of society was lost, dissolved; and the result was there was left only the individual and the State, with no intermediate social forms in between to further and protect the common good. Hence, in time of prosperity, it legislated to safeguard unlimited competition, and in the disasters that followed this competition, it tinkered. In fact, it tinkered at all times, and that is the danger to which I refer. Proclaiming the principle of *laissez-faire* it destroyed that principle by a hundred forms of social legislation, which it had to pass or be engulfed in revolution.

Those who fear the encroachments of government are right, in Father Parsons' view. But they are right only because the present inorganic form of society demands this intervention, while it has *nothing to set up to oppose its steady progress* once it is set on foot.

This is the dilemma of modern times, and the gravest issue will be how to set up such an organic system. The government, says Father Parsons, "can now restore to us the power to resist the encroachments of government. But once this form of organic society has been set up, it is the duty of the government to stand aside and let the system run itself."

Quebec's "New Deal," using the term in a generic sense, under the DuPlessis Government, plans the reorganization of business and agriculture and their relations to government on an organic basis, even if all the reforms cannot be immediately put into effect. The "corporative organization of vocational groups" for labor; the formation of a Provincial Economic Council of experts, named by the State but designated by the various social and vocational groups, are part of the plan. The function of the Council would be the elaboration of a social and economic policy and a consultative cooperation with the Government, and the nomination of sub-ministers and heads of departments.

While, therefore, we enjoy the relative truce so hopefully prophesied by Professor Powell, we can prepare ourselves for more intelligent discussions in the future by the study of the workings of Quebec's plan.

THE PILGRIM.

SOCIALIZED MEDICINE

EDITOR

COMPULSORY State health-insurance is a term that rings unpleasantly in the ears of the average physician. It brings before him the unlovely vision of an ancient and honorable profession once free but now classified as a department of government, with all the appendages of bureaucracy, red tape, and inefficiency. The sick are presented to physicians whom they have not chosen, but who themselves have been chosen, as are all public officials, on a political basis. These physicians may be competent healers, or they may be little more than cousins and nephews of the local boss; in either case, since they have an assured income, they lack the salutary discipline of competition, which is the lot of the physician in private practice.

That, perhaps, is an extreme statement of the case against socialized medicine. The physician believes that this device, now urged so strongly, will slow up medical progress, and lower the ideals of the profession. On the whole, we side with the physician, but we cannot be blind to the fact that the financial relations between the physician and his patient have reached a condition which makes some change imperative. It is unpleasant to think that during the years of this depression many have deprived themselves of necessary medical care simply because they have not been able to pay the physician's fee. But the physician too has suffered; probably no profession has felt the effects of the depression more keenly.

We gladly pay tribute to the noble spirit of the profession as a body. All of us know physicians who not only give their skill and their time to needy patients free of all charge, but actually assist them financially. These men are the salt of the earth. Their kindness often helps the poor patient quite as directly as their medicines. But the physician, too, must live, and he merits his fee. Some physicians, in contrast with the nobler members of the profession, seem to attach as much importance to the fee as to the well-being of the patient. They bring with them a commercial spirit which, unless checked, will ruin the profession.

It seems to us that the problem of proper medical care for all who need it, yet shrink from becoming free patients, can be solved by the profession itself through the formation of voluntary health-insurance schemes. In a number of cities we find insurance groups which enable patients to meet in whole or part hospital expenses. As far as we know, there is no insurance plan which provides for care by a physician to be chosen by the patient.

The profession is solicitous, and properly, to protect the right of the patient to choose his own physician. An adequate insurance plan would, then, necessarily include all the reputable physicians in the community. How all, or practically all, physicians can be induced to cooperate, is a question to be worked out by the profession through the local medical societies. The plan has its difficulties, but these are fewer than the difficulties connected with socialized medicine.

THE LABOR SPY

LABOR spies are profitable only to the company which supplies them to the trade. During four years of the depression, one company drew a profit of \$1,200,000 from this foul business. The labor spy brings his employer no information of value, and does him much harm by fostering costly labor disputes. "Big business" is commonly supposed to be shrewd. But the fact that more than fifty of the country's largest corporations employ the labor spy shows that assumption to be untenable. In reality "big business" is so stupid that it is unable to recognize and to protect even its own most vital interests.

COMMUNISTS MASK

ORGANIZERS cannot always be held responsible for the assorted followers who flock to them. Even respectable causes have what Theodore Roosevelt used to call "a lunatic fringe." But responsibility cannot always be evaded by vague denunciations of unnamed associates. Specific charges seem to call for specific disavowals.

Managers of the Democratic campaign are losing some of the skill which characterized them some months ago. Last week, Mr. Hearst charged in some thirty of his newspapers that the Communists and similar radicals in this country are united in supporting the re-election of President Roosevelt. Charges of this sort have become familiar in our recent political battles, and certainly the President was in no way obliged to reply to Mr. Hearst. After all, he cannot be held responsible for the plans of the Communists, and if he is supported by them, we must in fairness remember that he is also supported by thousands of voters who by no stretch of the imagination can be styled radicals either in religion or in politics.

As a matter of fact, the President has offered no comment on Mr. Hearst's charges. But on the evening before these charges were made, a statement was issued by one of the President's secretaries in which the country was assured that Mr. Roosevelt disavowed the support of any political organization which takes its orders from abroad. The President was under no obligation to reply, or to authorize a reply, but it seems to us that if a reply had to be made it should have contained a specific disavowal of

BENEFICENT WASHINGTON

EXPERIENCE should teach us to be most on our guard to protect liberty when the Government's purposes are beneficent. That statement sounds like Jefferson, but it is taken from an opinion by Justice Brandeis in the wire-tapping case. The principle has an extension wider than wire-tapping. Governments know little of religion in these days; hence we may well be on our guard when Washington establishes bureaus for mothers, actual and prospective, and for children. The purpose may be beneficent, but we should need another bureau, always on guard, to ward off the sciolists, and to insure blameless methods.

MASK THEIR POLITICS

the factions which, according to Mr. Hearst, propose to advance a step nearer the destruction of this Government by reelecting President Roosevelt.

In advancing this view, we have no partisan views to foster, but only views and principles that are American. If Communism invades the political field, as a political party, with the rights accorded by law to a political party, as well as the privileges sanctioned by usage, the country is facing a very grave danger. Communism has bored into our colleges, and even into our elementary schools, it controls a press, and is found in the pulpits of some churches which profess to be Christian. We do not deny the right of the Communist to cast a ballot, but it is important that we know what use the Communist makes of his vote. As a Communist, he can have no sympathy with traditional American institutions, since the very purpose of Communism is to destroy them, and with them the very foundations upon which civilized society is built.

We are well aware that expediency is the first rule of every political campaign. We are also well aware that it is unfitting for the President of the United States to go down into the arena of political brawls. But it seems to us that a statement from President Roosevelt, denouncing by name men who use the ballot with the ultimate purpose of destroying American institutions, would have been neither inexpedient, even politically, nor unbecoming the dignity of the high office which he occupies.

OUR DEEPEST NEED

AFTER weeks of labor, it seemed that the members of the Constitutional Convention, assembled at Philadelphia, had striven in vain to form a new Government. In that dark moment, the venerable Franklin arose, to suggest, as his fellows thought, one of his familiar compromises. But addressing himself to Washington, the speaker sought to turn the thought of the Convention into a new channel. "How has it happened, Sir, that we have not hitherto once thought of humbly applying ourselves to the Father of lights to illuminate our understandings?" he asked.

At the beginning of the contest with Great Britain, he observed, "we daily had prayers in this room for the Divine guidance." "And have we now forgotten that powerful Friend," he continued, "or do we imagine that we no longer need His powerful assistance? I have lived a long time, Sir, and the longer I live the more convincing proofs I see of this truth—that God governs in the affairs of men. And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, is it probable an empire can arise without His aid? We have been assured, Sir, in the sacred writings, that 'except the Lord build the house they labor in vain that build it.' I firmly believe this; and I also believe that without His concurring aid we shall succeed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel." And with that, Dr. Franklin moved that one of the local clergy be invited to pray with the Convention every morning.

The speech was powerful, but no less convincing was the address given by the Hon. Alfred E. Smith, one of the most eloquent preachers in the Archdiocese of New York, at the national convention of the Holy Name on September 20. Mr. Smith knows that we face perils no less menacing than those which surrounded our political ancestors, and with an even truer feeling than Franklin's, he bids us have recourse to Almighty God. "We challenge the theory that religion is a purely personal matter," said Mr. Smith, "that a man ought to keep it to himself, that it ought not to be made part of the political life of a nation." When that theory is adopted, "the entire social fabric will be divorced from all moral and ethical relations, its guiding principle will be one of expediency, and godlessness and irreligion will control the social order."

As one who has taken a distinguished part in public life, Mr. Smith knows that when men put God out of their lives, God is by degrees excluded from the life of the nation, and political chaos follows. Russia, Spain, and Mexico, shows that where God has been set at naught, there can be no civilization. "Do we need God?" asked Mr. Smith. "I don't know what we are going to do without Him. I don't see what we can expect to get without Him. Without Him, we shall face revolution, disorder, and eventually complete and utter ruin."

Nearly a century and a half intervene between Franklin at Philadelphia, and Alfred E. Smith in New York. We have learned much during those

years, but we have learned of nothing that can take the place of religion as a guarantee of freedom. Our country has many needs today, but above all else it needs God.

NAZI JUSTICE

MUCH publicity has been given to the case of an American sailor who has spent fifteen months in a Nazi prison, not after sentence, but awaiting trial. To us his offense does not seem to be extremely serious. The prisoner Simpson, by name, is accused, with what truth no one knows, of having had in his possession pamphlets and newspapers published by the Communists. While his ship was in a German port, the Nazi police boarded the vessel, and claim to have found the incriminating publications secreted in the man's bunk. It has also been charged that the man is a Communist connected with an association for spreading Communistic publications in Germany. This accusation was made only after the case had attracted international attention. It may, perhaps, be discounted.

Members of an American association formed to secure Simpson a fair trial, if that is possible in Germany, called last week on Secretary of State Hull. The subsequent proceedings were somewhat torrid. Departing from his usual custom, the Secretary called in the newspaper reporters, read from official papers for nearly an hour, and then made a speech in which he said that the Department of State had done all that was possible in the case. The delegates rejoined that since the man had waited fifteen months in jail, without a trial, the efforts of the American Government did not appear to be singularly successful. The Secretary retorted by accusing the delegates of bad faith, and at that the delegates adjourned to issue a statement.

We pass no judgment on the accused man's guilt, or on Secretary Hull's skill as a diplomat. It must be remembered that the Secretary is dealing with a Government which has no respect for the usages and amenities characteristic of civilized society. But we agree fully with the remarks contained in one of the paragraphs released by the association after meeting Secretary Hull. "This man cannot possibly have a fair trial, unless the Department of State intervenes, because he has been denied counsel, because the court proceedings are political, because they are kept strictly secret, and because there is no right of appeal." In other words, it is impossible to obtain a fair trial in Germany, when it pleases the Government to frustrate justice.

These statements are undeniable. But the newspapers which give them publicity in the case of this American sailor, did not so much as mention them when Catholic priests and members of the Sisterhoods were being "tried." All last spring and throughout the summer, the American press carried stories of the alleged immorality of these men and women, with no reference whatever to the fact that the "trials," viewed as judicial proceedings, were of no weight whatever. As AMERICA observed,

had the Nazi Government the slightest evidence to support the frightful charges made against these priests and Religious, the proceedings would have been held in the open, and the court room would have been wired for sound to carry the story throughout the country.

Catholics will do well to discount all charges against the Church or her children emanating from Germany, Mexico, Spain, and Russia. In none of these countries is there any legal process which guarantees justice. In all of them the *de facto* Governments are bitterly hostile, not only to the Catholic Church, but to the principles which make civilized government possible.

A SECRET OF HOLINESS

TODAY the Church celebrates the feast of one of the most beloved Saints in all her long and glorious calendar. This Saint lived in our own day. She came from parents notable only for their piety, and in all her life she never did anything that the world would call distinguished. She simply loved God, first in her home, then in a cloister, and she died in 1897, when she was only twenty-four years old. The world knew nothing about her, and cared nothing, while she lived, or when she lay dying.

But within five years, the whole Catholic world began to hear of a Carmelite Nun in France, called Sister Teresa of the Infant Jesus. She was something new in Saints, we thought, forgetting the infinite variety of holiness. Rome caught the rumors, feared an unauthorized cult, and instructed the local Bishop to look into the matter. But the popular devotion would not down. Even the pagans in China and Japan, as well as the pagans in Greenland and in Dakota, were now reading about this Nun who had died in the odor—strange phrase to them!—of sanctity. Rome again intervened, the customary processes were shortened, and in 1926, Pius XI declared her a Saint. The Church, traditionally cautious, always mindful of her duty to guard the deposit of the Faith, and to protect her children against strange doctrines and practices, is always quick to recognize the truth. Thanksgivings signed by Cardinals and Archbishops, by priests and Nuns, and by thousands of the laity, went to Rome and to Lisieux from every part of the world, attesting the sanctity and the power of this young Saint, to whom they gave the affectionate name, "the Little Flower."

So much has been written of her in every language that we need not here re-tell an oft-told story. But it seems in order to suggest that Sister Teresa became Saint Teresa simply because she thought that to love Our Lord with her whole heart, and her neighbor as herself, was really the most important matter in all this topsy-turvy world. But she knew that to love Him meant to suffer for Him, and therefore she was happy to suffer. Much sickly sentimentality has been poured out about this most engaging Saint, but so long as she can teach us to love God and our fellows, and to suffer for Him and for them, we can bear it.

CHRONICLE

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S CAMPAIGN. Democratic party strategists were called in conference at Hyde Park by President Roosevelt on September 24. Heretofore, all the President's addresses and statements during the summer were held to be non-partisan and administrative. His active political campaign officially began with his speech before the New York State Democratic Convention at Syracuse on September 29. In an address before the Mobilization for Human Needs, in Washington, the President spoke of the "clear evidences of returning prosperity." He asserted that "the cooperation given by the Federal Government in social welfare activities extends rather than contracts the responsibilities of private activities for local relief." On September 19, the President conferred with Government power experts and representatives of private operators on "pooling" of public and private operations of the Tennessee Valley Authority and other developments. On the following day he addressed a letter to Secretary Wallace on a long-term farm program. He appointed two committees: one for Crop Insurance, to recommend legislation "providing a plan of 'all risk' crop insurance"; the other, which succeeds the Great Plains Drought Area Committee "is to work out plans for a land use program for better permanent protection against droughts." Assistant Secretary to the President, Stephen Early, issued a statement on Saturday, September 19, warning of "a planned attempt led by a certain notorious newspaper owner to make it appear that the President passively accepts the support of alien organizations hostile to the American form of government." He stated, in advance, that the President does not want or welcome the vote or support "of any individual or group taking orders from alien sources." On the following day, William Randolph Hearst replied to President Roosevelt, assuming that he was the subject of the statement. He did not question the President's willingness or unwillingness to receive the support of the Karl Marx Socialists, the radicals, Communists, anarchists and revolutionists. He declared that "he simply said and showed that he (the President) does receive the support of these enemies of the American system of government." Bitterness characterized the later discussion of the issues raised.

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GOVERNOR LANDON CAMPAIGNS. Previous to September 28, Governor Landon toured Missouri, Iowa and Minnesota. In Topeka, Kansas, he told the National Conference of Young Republicans that the present campaign is not based on partisan issues but "cuts across all party lines. Today the issue is the kind of government and the kind of country we are to have in the years to come . . . what powers the government shall have and what powers it shall

not have." Speaking at Des Moines, Iowa, he took up the "farm question" with which, he said, we have been struggling for fifteen years. He stressed the four planks of the Republican platform, and promised, if elected, "to fulfill all unpaid farm obligations made by the administration, to continue the drought relief checks and grant to drought victims seed loans and other necessary assistance."

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LATIN AMERICA AND SPAIN. Spanish radicals in Havana resenting the sympathy of the newspaper *Pais* for the Nationalist (Insurgent) cause in Spain set a dynamite bomb at its publication office which killed four persons, injured twenty-seven others, wrecked the building and destroyed the interior of a nearby church. In Montevideo the Government of Uruguay severed diplomatic relations with Spain on the ground that the Madrid authorities were no longer able to guarantee the lives or property of foreigners. The Marxist militia had made repeated attacks on Uruguayan residents in Spain; this culminated in the deliberate murder in Madrid of the three sisters of the Uruguayan vice-consul. The Brazilian Congress sent to General Franco, commander-in-chief of the Nationalist forces, a message of sympathy over the killing of defenders of the Toledo Alcazar.

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GALLANT ALCAZAR. Spurred on by hopes of relief from General Franco's advancing Nationalist forces, the gallant little band in the Alcazar continued to hold out in what, irrespective of the outcome, must go down as one of the bravest defences in all history. Overwhelmingly outnumbered from the very start, they had resisted every effort of rifle and artillery and plane to drive them from their position. Even the terrific explosion that made ashes of sections of the fort's thick walls proved unsuccessful, as did a later attempt to fire the fort by spraying it with gasoline. Within their crumbling walls the survivors not only continued to drive back their dynamite-hurling opponents, but succeeded in occupying a position threatening the city of Toledo. Their hopes of ultimate release rose as Nationalist planes roared over Toledo and word was brought to them that General Franco's army was sweeping forward in an irresistible drive. Maqueda, commanding the junction of roads to Madrid and Toledo and intended by the Marxist Government of Madrid to be the Verdun of the war, fell before General Franco's army. At that point a double offensive was started with Madrid and Toledo as objectives. The vanguard of the Nationalists had advanced within a few miles of the latter city, and its fall seemed to be but a matter of time, the only uncertainty being the ability of the Alcazar garri-

son to hold out for relief. Observers seemed ready, too, to credit the assertion of Nationalist leaders that they would be in Madrid by the fifteenth of the month. In the North General Mola was closing in on Bilbao after serving warning on the city that it would be bombarded unless it surrendered. As in San Sebastian the defenders are divided, some wishing to surrender to save the city, the extremists anxious to fight and burn to the end. Another section of General Mola's army was pushing slowly through the Guadarrama mountains to attack Madrid from the North. Marxist offensives were slowed up as the Government rallied all its forces to a defense of Madrid and Toledo.

FRENCH STRIKES. The Blum Government, and indeed the entire nation, passed a serious crisis when a day or two after all hopes of a compromise had ceased, an agreement was made bringing an end to the strike of 34,000 textile workers at Lille and also determining future relations between workers and employers. After having held the factory buildings for a week, the workers marched out when they were informed of the agreement. On the one side, the employers won their point that the stay-in strikes should be abandoned. On the other, the workers gained an increase in wages, although they reduced their demands from ten to six per cent. The Government's efforts to mediate the textile workers' strike in the Vosges district failed, however, and the situation grew worse when a general strike of textile workers was threatened in Lyon. In the midst of these difficulties Radical Socialists (upon whose support the Blum Government depends) stated that they would continue to give their backing. But this was interpreted as indicating that they were really uneasy at the extremes shown in the labor disputes, and it was significant that the Party congress was postponed for two weeks in late October. During the week observers grew concerned over the national fiscal situation, which they proclaimed to be precarious. Tax returns during the first seven months of the year showed a falling off of more than 400,000,000 francs. There was noted a serious increase in the adverse trade balance. The Bank was losing gold continuously, there was a flight of capital, a growth of hoarding, and a steady rise in both retail and wholesale prices.

LEAGUE SEATS ETHIOPIA. Fraught with political consequences, a vote of 39 to 4 on September 23 seated the Ethiopian delegation to the League of Nations. Switzerland, Bulgaria, Portugal, Panama, Peru, Chile, and Bolivia abstained; while Italy was absent from the proceedings at Geneva. The vote was taken in the face of a declaration delivered to the League Secretary by Italy to the effect that Italy was anxious to collaborate with the League, but that the presence of an Ethiopian delegation was the sole obstacle. Ethiopia's admission had been contended for in the credentials committee by Foreign Ministers Eden for Great Britain, Delbos for France, and Litvinov for Russia. The last mentioned

was especially uncompromising in his demand. The handicap experienced by Ethiopia in the exclusion by France of Professor Gaston Jèze as delegate was skilfully overcome by the substitution of Everett A. Colson, former American adviser to the Emperor at Addis Ababa, who served as delegate with Dr. Ajaz Warqneh Martin and Ato Lawrence Tazaz, thus placing an American citizen for the first time in the League Assembly.

SOVIET AID FOR SPAIN. The Moscow *Pravda*, official organ of the Soviet Union Communist party, urged the working people of the world to aid the proletarian forces of Spain. It referred on September 22 to the fact that Soviet women workers had already raised 7,000,000 rubles and that a shipload of Soviet food for Spanish workers, women, and children was now en route for Spain. Spaniards were told that Russians "rejoice in each of your victories over a pack of Fascist mad dogs." Emil Yaroslavsky, head of the League of Militant Atheists, defended a provision in the new Soviet Constitution which granted the suffrage to the clergy, hitherto forbidden. A "purge" of Trotskyists from the Communist party was ordered.

HUNTING IN BALKANS. Combining political business with pleasure, German statesmen were busy in negotiations while hunting in Hungary and Czechoslovakia. In the former country, Baron von Neurath, German Foreign Minister, was the guest of Regent Horthy at Gödöllő castle, near Budapest; while Franz von Papen, German Minister to Vienna, was occupied with the Agrarians in Czechoslovakia. In Greece, stringent measures were taken by King George against Communism, heavily outlawing any form of subversive propaganda against the state.

CHINO-JAPANESE TENSION. As a result of a series of incidents which culminated September 25 in the shooting of three Japanese sailors, part of a landing force at Shanghai, the 1932 scenes were recalled and a large portion of the Hongkew district of Shanghai was put under Japanese martial law. As at the outset of the Chino-Japanese hostilities in 1932, all pedestrian and vehicular traffic was stopped and sentries halted all persons, regardless of nationality, who entered the Hongkew area. A week earlier on the anniversary of the Mukden incident which started the Manchuria conquest, Chinese troops attacked Japanese at the Fengtai rail junction which was followed by placing that important rail base entirely under Japanese control. On the same day at Shanghai fifty were arrested and more than thirty injured when the Chinese police charged an anti-Japanese parade. The tension was further increased next day when a Chinese near Hankow leaped from a passing truck, shot and killed a Japanese consular policeman. As a result the Japanese fleet in Central and Southern China waters was being reinforced from Japan by additional forces to relieve the marines sent earlier.

CORRESPONDENCE

FRENCH DAUGHTER

EDITOR: As a new reader of your renovated magazine, I read with some amusement the article of Dr. Coakley wherein he concludes from premises none too proveable that Europe returns to the Faith.

Dr. Coakley did well to select Paris and its illustrious Cardinal as material for his argument, for reading Catholics know of the resolution of His Eminence to erect one hundred churches during his administration. But Paris is not France. And increased Parisian shrines no more argue to a renaissance of Faith in France than the building of new churches in Rome argue to a revivifying of Catholicism in Italy. Here are figures: today, France has 12,000 parishes without a resident priest. That is one-third of all French parishes. That is, also, equivalent to the disappearance of a French diocese each year. To instruct children in the absence of parish life, *Les Petites Auxiliaires du Clergé* has been founded and looks for outside vocations. And unless foreign girls volunteer, we are assured that all is gloomy for the "Eldest Daughter" of the Catholic Church. Parisian architecture may proclaim that Paris is gaining, but figures show that France is losing.

San Francisco, Calif.

JOHN D. BREEN

GRACE FULL CONVERTS

EDITOR: The comments, which Mary E. McLaughlin's recent article on converts caused, have interested and amused me immensely, since I am a convert, and one of those who is a president of a Catholic reading circle.

I wonder if any of the readers have ever stopped to consider why many of the offices in Catholic organizations are apt to be held by converts. First of all, the Protestant Church, as a rule, is a social as well as a religious center. The different societies meet in church and are conducted as a part of the religious life of the church. The Protestant is taught from early childhood to take an active part in the church. We in the Finnish Lutheran Church were active. It was almost as much a part of our religion to serve at the refreshment stand at a convention, or plan some entertainment, as it was to practise the Ten Commandments.

A Catholic has been brought up under different circumstances. The Catholic Church is strictly a place of Divine worship. The social life of a Catholic takes place elsewhere. Secondly, within the past few years many educated and intelligent people have entered the Church. It seems only natural that they take the same positions in the Catholic organizations with which they had some experience as

non-Catholics. It seems only proper and right that such characters as Chesterton, Dorothy Day, Sigrid Undset, young men religiously inclined and young women desirous of serving God, should continue to use and develop their talents in the service of the Church after becoming Catholics.

A third reason why converts are more or less active in Catholic societies is that they have a certain desire to give to others something of the Faith they themselves have received. They realize that God has been especially generous to them, and, as an act of appreciation, they wish to do something in return.

Peabody, Mass.

A FINNISH CONVERT

DYNAMIC SOUL

EDITOR: The last chapter of Dr. Fulton Sheen's book, *The Mystical Body of Christ*, seems to me to give the reasons why Peter Kerriman is following a dangerous path in his article, *Catholics Mix Their Politics*.

Dr. Sheen says Catholic Action may never identify itself with any explicit political party or economic system lest, when that perish, the Church seem to perish with it. He claims that different groups and classes will be Catholicized by and through the Catholics in those groups; that if every Catholic played his role well in his particular profession, the world would soon be a better place in which to live; that the external activity of Catholic Action will be the same as the activity of the Mystical Body in the world; and that the activity of the Mystical Body is the activity of a leaven in the mass; that it is not a rival political system or economic policy set up in contrast with the world. It is rather the soul of these activities.

Fort Wayne, Ind.

LORINE McDONALD

SHANGHAI MAIL

EDITOR: Now that you have renovated AMERICA, my heart goes out to thank you for this wonderful achievement. As a consequence, the following is the product of my interest in your periodical.

Who among your readers have so soon lost their enthusiasm for the new format? Certainly none. Therefore it is not inappropriate to say something that supplements the lauding theme raised by your "Format Fans."

That the editors of AMERICA deserve hearty congratulations for their new advance in artistic journalism goes without saying. Old AMERICA gave me ample satisfaction and pride, the new one gives me more. No word is too grandiose for estimating the new AMERICA. It is a huge revelation. The various

sections of the periodical can be lavished with successive praises were it not for lack of space. I want to mention particularly the last editorial in each issue. I find that already for many weeks a spiritual article appears there, and what a beautiful sermon it is. Another remarkable note. Apropos of the Marian poem contest it is very interesting to find that the first, second, and fourth winning poems were gained by women; that of the first ten poems five were written by women and five by men.

It is indisputable that the general appearance of AMERICA is now one of magnetizing beauty, but it is questionable whether further improvements may not be effected. I think some extra touches may still enhance its magnificence. The cover design is admirable, surely, and it may claim perfection for its uniqueness. Yet will the new form never change for variety's sake? The next move is in the *Comment* page. The initial capitalized word of the paragraph doesn't convey any idea of what the theme is about. The best way is to insert a title to the paragraph. The third remark is on the print of the *Correspondence* columns. I think the print is too large for epistolary communications. Why not adopt the same type as used in *Book Reviews*?

I like your AMERICA immensely. It is almost a part and parcel of my life. God bless you in this work!

Shanghai, China.

GEORGE WONG

JOYOUS SISTERS

EDITOR: I went to see *Cloistered*. I had an ardent desire to see the convent life of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, the unfolding of which would bring non-Catholics to an appreciation of the happiness Catholicism brings to those women who give their lives entirely to God. But *Cloistered* disappointed me greatly. It was solemn (as part of such a picture must be); it was mournful; it was what my associate campaigner called "very depressing."

There seemed to be a failure to balance the solemnity of the good Sisters during their devotions and initiation into their Order, with the part of life in the convent that is joyous in the best sense of the term. The nuns I have met throughout the country were joyous, many of them brilliant, quick to see a point through purity of their vision. They laughed with a spontaneity, holiness and beauty such as is never heard among groups of women out in the world. This one only hears for about two seconds in *Cloistered*, not long enough to dispel the gloomy psychological atmosphere the picture creates.

I am aware that it will appear presumptuous to take issue with those persons and papers in the Catholic world who have praised the quality and possible effect of this Catholic picture. I am not attempting to pass upon the artistic value of the picture. But I do not think it is an assumption of superior judgment to say that the impression of the picture upon me was that the life of Sisters is most gloomy, that its effect seemed to be "very depressing" upon the whole audience. It appears to me to intensify the notion, common among non-Catholics,

that disappointment, especially in love affairs, superstition, fear of the Church, priestcraft, prompts what they call "the enslavement of women" in convents. It appears to be a picture that is likely to add to the number of persons who believe that the state is warranted in coming to the "defense of those defenseless women" by forbidding cloistered life, aye, any convent life, as is being done in Mexico and the U. S. S. R. Looking at the picture, not as an artist but as a Catholic propagandist, I am forced to the conviction that it renders a disservice.

Boston, Mass.

DAVID GOLDSTEIN

FRÈRE BLUM

EDITOR: Some interesting data concerning the Blum or "Popular Front" ministry in France is presented in *La Documentation Catholique*, (August 8, 1936) of Paris. Of the twenty ministers of state in this Cabinet, eleven are known and identified as members of Masonic Lodges. Eight others have given "Conferences" at Masonic reunions. Only two are not identified as having Masonic affiliations. M. Blum himself is a member of the Grand Orient, and of the Lodge Victor Hugo; in his Cabinet is included the Masonic leader, Camille Chautemps, of the Grand Lodge of France, who ten years ago made a notorious onslaught upon religious teaching Orders. The Minister of Education, Jean Zay, has the distinction of belonging to both Masonic rites, the Grand Orient and the Grand Lodge. There are about 50,000 Freemasons in France, out of an electorate of over 10,000,000.

French Masonry boasts that it is the *Contre-Eglise* which to the Pope "represents idolatry." It regards its affiliates in Parliament as an "emanation of the Order," responsible to its commands. It is the sworn enemy of the Catholic Church, and of all "dogmatism." "Masonry should be felt everywhere, and perceived nowhere" is another *mot d'ordre*. It is certainly not perceived by our American press which dilates on every factor in France's political strife, *except Masonry*. The "Masonic dictatorship" is more predominant under Blum than at any time since the Ministry of Combes, over thirty years ago. "Let Catholics recognize their enemy, which never disarms" writes Michel. Masonic influence distorts, perverts, and garbles much of our foreign news. I think that Frère Blum would have rescued Frère Azaña had he dared.

Woodstock, Md.

LAURENCE K. PATTERSON

IN SPAIN

EDITOR: If Mr. John F. Cary would have the time to consult *The Catholic Church in Contemporary Europe, 1919-1931*, Volume Two, pp. 293-350, of the *Papers* of the American Catholic Historical Society, edited by Monsignor Guilday and published by P. J. Kenedy and Sons, he would find a succinct account of Catholic Action in Spain, its rise and progress in recent times.

New York.

M. R. M.

LITERATURE AND ARTS

RABBAN HORMUZ: AFTER THIRTEEN CENTURIES

JOSEPH P. MERRICK, S.J.

THIRTEEN hundred years is a long time. So when you learn that Rabban Hormuz dates back thirteen hundred years, you realize that it is neither food shot from guns nor television. As a matter of fact, it is nothing but wandering clusters of semi-artificial caves, cut by wind and rain and man, into the faces of two opposing cliffs, and linked by stairs and footpaths to a rocky hermitage perched in the middle of the western face, and, a bit lower and more easterly, to a substantial church, Catholic, Chaldean, cherubic. You have guessed it, dear reader, Rabban Hormuz is one of those unwanted excrescences on the map of atheism, an age-old oriental monastery.

Spiritedly communistic when no-God Communism was utterly inconceivable, Rabban Hormuz, a Monk of the Oriental Chaldean rite, decided to imitate the fathers in the Egyptian desert, Elias, John the Baptist and Jesus Christ. So he left the villages of the plain that extends twenty miles from Nineve (modern Mosul) to the foothills of Kurdistan. Hiding himself in one of the caves of the rocky cliff, he soon attracted others to follow him in the way of the evangelical counsels and to seek his guidance in poverty, chastity and obedience and contrition for sin.

Pearson, the British evolutionist, kicked up a great hullabaloo as to whether we are descended from troglodytes or termites. "The future of our civilization depends on our early determination of our pre-simian pedigree" gave him a prehensile hold on the front rung of every eugenics chair in England. Poor Pearson! Just for eight days he should have been a troglodytic cenobite. Rabban Hormuz and the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius could have given him the accurate pedigree he needed. Humiliated he would have been until he crawled, and shame-faced until he saw himself the last of all creation. He would also have discovered that he is the adopted heir of Heaven and a partaker of the Divine Nature. He would have drunk of the fount of living waters and extinguished cruel doubt forever. What is sadder than to see a scientist groping on the edge of truth, one who precariously clings to the shadow and will not come up to the light! His-

tory justly records him among the great futilities.

For eight days Brother Servaas and I tried to lose ourselves and find God in the mystery and silence of those two caves. We became atavistic trying to follow in the footsteps of our Father, St. Ignatius, in his Manresan cavern, or our more than Father, Jesus Christ, in his forty days in the crags and glens of the wild Judean hills. We were two Jesuits and we were living in a Community of Chaldean Brothers. We had studied the life of St. Ignatius and we had studied the life of Christ, and I had even had the blessing of a visit to the Holy Places, including the glen of the forty days fast, so we knew what was expected of us in our short retreat of eight days. Solitude and prayer are good for the soul, and we were free to indulge ourselves in both to our hearts' desire. It was grand to breathe the fresh mountain air and look down on the carpet of living green that reached even to the horizon. There is no elevation in Baghdad and the brown and vistaless vision palls upon the soul. Here Catholicism could lift its head, and our hosts were Monks whose Founder antedated the conversion of the Angles and was contemporary with Augustine of Canterbury and Gregory the Great.

We were in a thoroughly Catholic world. Alqosh, Tel Askhof, Tel Kaif, and all the little villages in between that stretched out below us and into the distant lights of Nineve and Mosul, were Catholic absolutely, numbering more than 30,000. What is more, they spoke Chaldean and not Arabic. In all the world Jesus and Mary would not find so great a district still speaking the language heard and spoken in Bethlehem and Nazareth. Truly this little sector of the world is one of the most marvelous and precious that the Heart of Jesus has ever loved. Their syllables are the syllables of Jesus, Mary and Joseph, their purity is the purity of the Holy Family, their virgins are married or vowed to Christ at the age of twelve, and they are tenaciously brave in the Faith of Jesus and Mary with the fear of the persecutor ever upon them.

Brother Macarios served us bread and honey and three-minute eggs, and Brother Suleiman chanted the Chaldean Mass, and all the ancient Monks of

the desert gave their names and virtues to these simple one-celled animals whose spiritual ancestors gave the first fillip to the supernatural among men. *Cella continuata dulcescit* sang Thomas à Kempis, and if only the eugenists had listened they would be worrying less about the origin of species and more about original sin. For from God man went backward, not forward, and the cave dwellers were not the ape-men but the saints. Come down to lovely Kew and London in lilac-time and life will first please, then pall. But come up the Tigris at any time where the Tobey and Raphaels walked together, up to Nineve to the place of the prophet Jonas, up to Alqosh and the place of the prophet Nahum, up to the monastery of Der es-Saida, Our Lady of the Harvest, up higher still to the caves and altars of Rabban Hormuz and Mar Gabriel, into the secret chambers of one's own soul, and silence is followed by joy. Our feet had to leave Rabban Hormuz but our heart remained. Some day our heart will draw us back there once again.

LONDON TABLET'S AMERICAN NEWS

UNDER the new editorship of Mr. T. F. Burns and four associates, the *London Tablet* has improved considerably. And this can be said without any criticism of the splendid work done by the former editor, Mr. Oldmeadow, because Catholic journalism has acquired new life everywhere in the past few years. The format of the *Tablet* remains the same, but the number of departments has been enlarged, the type and the paper-stock have been changed, and the articles on the whole have become more sprightly and readable.

The *Tablet* under Mr. Burns is going to give generous space to American news. It has adopted an American correspondent who will write regularly a *New York Letter*. Who the *Tablet's* "New Yorker" is, I do not know; but his style is a moderately good imitation of the news reporters on *Time*; the trick being to say nothing directly damaging, but to create an impression by the surprising use of ironical adjectives applied to things usually held in reverence. In the September 12 issue of the *Tablet* here is the very first sentence in the *New York Letter*, describing the recent convention of Catholic Charities at Seattle: "'Charitarians' was the classic barbarism used to describe the twenty-second annual meeting of the National Conference of Catholic Charities held in Seattle."

This is fairly good *Time* writing, and it leaves the mind prepared not to accept too readily anything that may be said in praise of the Catholic Charities Convention later on in the report.

In the same account the *Tablet's* correspondent has this to say about the work being done by Cardinal Hayes for his poor:

Once a year, for the space of a month, high pressure salesmanship rakes in the funds "for sweet charities' sake." The smooth functioning of the New York machine is the peculiar care of the Cardinal

Archbishop, who is known as "the Cardinal of Charity."

This is very nearly a masterpiece in innuendo. "Once a year, for the space of a month" gives you the it's-a-lot-of-bother impression; "high pressure salesmanship" gives you the it's-a-lot-of-bunk impression; "rakes in the funds" gives you the it's-only-a-racket impression; the quotation marks around "for sweet charities' sake" gives you what we Americans call the oh-yeah! impression; "the New York machine" gives you the it's-a-lot-of-politics impression; and the whole thing heaped together almost gives you the impression that though His Eminence *may* be a Cardinal or an Archbishop, he most certainly can't be *both* together. Americans have such a habit of laying it on thickly.

In the *Tablet's* account of the *Catholic Worker* poor Dorothy Day fares most miserably by not even being mentioned. Peter Maurin gets all the honors and is referred to as the *Catholic Worker's* "prime spirit and editor, Mr. Peter Morin." "To be snubbed," remarked Philip Guedalla, "is bad; but to be snubbed and misspelt is devastating." We also learn in the report that "Peter Morin's editorials—written for the semi-illiterate—have gained some notice." We might add *such* notice that they were reprinted in book-form by,—of all people,—Sheed and Ward, a British publishing house, for the instruction of their "semi-illiterate" clientele.

In his account of our Catholic Lending Libraries the *Tablet's* New York reporter scraps all smart epithets and gets right down to business solicitously in the following exordium:

A menace to Catholicism in the United States is slipshod education. The Catholic background of great numbers is scanty, the bare bones of the Faith. To combat the amazing ignorance of a Catholic philosophy of life, a concerted effort is being made to popularize "Catholic Lending Libraries."

In an earlier issue of the *Tablet* the above writer became alarmed about the condition of colleges and universities in America, in which he found the outlook even more depressing. But, granted that the Catholic Lending Libraries were created to overcome the "amazing ignorance" of a Catholic philosophy of life among American Catholics; in every Catholic college in America there is a course given in strict Scholastic Philosophy; can the same be said of Great Britain? Furthermore, there are three Catholic Lending Libraries known to me which were expressly and primarily instituted to spread the Faith among *non-Catholics*. And, granted that if American Catholics begin patronizing these Lending Libraries one can choose to put the following interpretation upon it: "Look how amazingly ignorant they are, they're actually reading books!" Still, concerning the condition of Catholic education as a whole in this country, we may take some comfort in the following statistics announced by the N.C.W.A. last week. A 2,605,500 enrollment is predicted in 10,520 Catholic educational institutions, staffed, with 62,000 teachers, for the 1936-1937 school term. "Tosh" says the *London Tablet's* New York correspondent "All Penny-Catechism religion! The bare bones of the Faith!"

LEONARD FEENEY, S.J.

BOOKS

REASON RETURNS TO RHYME

SONG FOR A LISTENER. By Leonard Feeney, S.J. The Macmillan Company. \$1.25

THERE is no point in searching literary genealogies, for Father Feeney has no known poetic ancestry; no cause to announce a startling revolution in poetic form, unless indeed it is startling that rhyme should be once again triumphantly natural; no plea to be made, save that the reader should be a quiet listener to this song. For unless he can still the noise of the City of Man and stifle the clamorous jazz of our tuneless chaos, he will miss a wonderful ditty which is, for want of precise similarities, little less than a song for the children of men whose earth is a nursery of heaven. Not that *Song for a Listener* is spiritualized Milne, or Blake touched with whimsy, or Christianized Lewis Carroll, although its glints suggest that Father Feeney has something in common with all these men. Gay, tender, heart-warming though this book may be, it belongs essentially to the genre of the narrative and the satire.

A good poem contains a story and a good contemporary poem in addition to carrying its universal message releases depth bombs into the bowels of stupidity. That Father Feeney has done both these things and at the same time preserved an integrity of his own, a rare flavor of tolerance, compassion, and fierce but generous loyalty to the beauty which is Christ and His Mother, is tribute to an artistry which has reached complete if not final fruition. The story behind *Song for a Listener* is not readily apparent. The poem, consisting of thirty-three triple triplets, resembles at first so many separate sparks struck from the same anvil, but closer observation reveals a unity which is almost classical in its pattern. It is perhaps inappropriate to say that so delicate a piece of work is basically a contrast between the modern spirit in its more asinine moments and the eternal spirit in its human but inescapably sublime eternity. Nevertheless that is the story enacted in the imaginative world that takes shape like clouds behind the hard bright lines of the poem.

A priceless invocation to the muse introduces the poet's theme. Since "our tuneless asses cannot climb Parnassus," he argues that "perhaps it's time for reason to return to rhyme." The smudge fire of raw and noisy lusts, "Much rubbish mixed with faint desire," the perversion of music, beauty, love, work, of thought and poetry, the exaltation of matter—all are sharply set forth in opposition to an impersonal personal history which follows a transition deliberately artificial and startling in its effect.

Remember, gracious Virgin Mary,
Mother and Maiden, quite contrary,
Of this wild welter to be wary.

The ensuing second movement is one of the few successful efforts to assert what it is desperately difficult even to suggest, the joy, the unanalyzable sensations and intuitions of one born in the Holy House of Bread, "where souls can relish the ideal and bodies revel in the real."

I was anointed with a Sign,
And someone's promise, made for mine,
Attached my branch unto a Vine

Of Immortality and Love,
With Intimations from above
That Wordsworth was not thinking of.

Reality, shining in the plain, everyday splendor of

the sun, familiar yet strangely beautiful, centralized first in the friendly lady whom two simple sounds seemed to suffice for a name, then in the "virgin vested with three vows," finally in Mary who incarnated both "the nursery and the nun, the convent and the crib in one," reality discovered in the one human being who was perfectly human, bursts like a dawn over the darkness, making bright and fair the old, the soiled, the decaying.

Such is the background of the poem, its hidden story. The glory of its message is as fresh and persuasive as the thrill of each new lover and each new love, for it is the old glory once more discovered and put to music. Such love, twining about Mary, could not be soft or yielding. It is hard, challenging, swift to the battle, even when it utters that which its enemy, scorn, deems folly; and being hard, it deals hard blows at the shoddy little things which have usurped the great titles of love, truth, and art. Hence, hand in hand with an exquisite tenderness disguised in graceful courtier compliments and affectionate understatement, there is satire, lightning-fanged, which finds its mark in pretenders like the playwright who "hoped that we would not be pained to hear the alphabet explained," and the moralists in defiance of whom the poet writes his own epitaph.

Here lies a lad whose sins were sins,
Not streptococcal orange skins;
Nor were his virtues vitamins.

He learned the rules and knew the game;
If Hell or Heaven hold the same—
Himself, not spinach, was to blame."

But no single quotation can convey the remarkable impact of this slender volume. Not love alone made it; love, and love's rare ally, wit, are its defiant co-authors. Some of this book is made for the clean laughter of men; some of it for angel song. FRANCIS X. CONNOLLY

UP FROM ILLINOIS

THREE WORLDS. By Carl Van Doren. Harper & Brothers. \$3

IN these memoirs the author presents an interesting record of his life and a picture of the America of our day. Ample and varied opportunities of a lifetime have well equipped him to be an observer of our contemporary scene. He was for many years a professor at Columbia; he had an intimate knowledge of journalism as editor of the *Nation*, the *Century*, and the *Literary Guild*. On the other hand, Mr. Van Doren does not long forget his origin and youth close to the soil in Illinois, which he constantly uses as a rustic background for throwing into relief his Greenwich Village outlook. One is not inclined to doubt the authenticity of Mr. Van Doren's picture of contemporary America however much he may conclude that his picture is not a pretty one. The author's three worlds are those of the pre- and post-War days, and the present one of confused whirling, that of the Depression.

Mr. Van Doren's intellectual and spiritual career is quite typical of that experienced by many intellectuals in this country during the last fifty or so years. Sprung from native Protestant stock, these intellectuals found their early religious training untenable, and as a result drifted into unbelief. After this came a flirtation (in some cases it rather resembled a *mésalliance*) with paganism and following this broadening experience, the intellectuals blandly accepted what they pleasantly

called a "new" code in morals and rejected all standards in literature and art. This is, of course, one way of viewing life. Diagnosed, can it not often be put down, in the terms of their own new psychology, as an escape? Evangelical Protestantism can never satisfy even a pseudo-thinker to say nothing of a real one. The author tells an anecdote about his friend, Dr. Glenn Frank, which may illustrate the point. Mr. Frank, it seems, in the summer before he went to college, had been active assistant to Billy Sunday in the latter's raucous evangelical campaigning. At Northwestern the youthful Frank was introduced to Darwin, Spencer, and Huxley, and "within six months he had lost all interest in salvation." Asked by Van Doren how the change had come about, Frank replied: "As soon as I stopped talking about it, I stopped believing it." Another approach, and one of really profound possibilities, would have been thought. Thinking has led many intellectuals, at least in other lands, away from paganism and into the ancient and authentic Church of Christ.

Mr. Van Doren, in these memoirs, reveals scarcely any knowledge or experience of the supernatural. If he did, the title of his book might then have been *Four Worlds*. As it is he is limited to three rather unlovely and discouraging ones.

From a literary point of view the chief value of this book is its inclusion of a group of hitherto unpublished (or at least unpublished in full) letters of Sinclair Lewis, Elinor Wylie, and Edwin Arlington Robinson. In the closing pages of this volume the author toys with the possibility of a revolution in this fair land of ours. Well, his guess is as good as that of another in the matter. But come revolution or not, it can be said with certainty that fifty years hence nobody will be much bothered by the politico-sociological profundities of Sinclair Lewis nor the literary or real amorosities of Elinor Wylie. Robinson, because there is a certain genuinity about his New England austerity, may be accorded a shallow niche by time. The literary history of our silly epoch will be written some day, and therefore these "first" letters included in Mr. Van Doren's volume and, indeed, the author's own views on criticism and his larger ones on life, should be preserved. Hence, Mr. Van Doren's volume, though just fresh from the press, has an archeological value.

THOMAS J. LYNAM, S. J.

BOOKS IN BRIEFER REVIEW

LIFE WAS LIKE THAT. By Mary Doyle Houghton, Mifflin Company. \$2.75

THIS is as sweet and wholesome a tale as it has been the present reviewer's good fortune to read in a long time. It is the story of an Irish-American girl who, migrating in babyhood from somewhere in or near the small city of Newburgh, N. Y., began life in a railroad flat, socially one degree higher than a tenement in Harlem. Bidding farewell to school days at the tender age of thirteen, this vivacious little maiden became "a working girl," packing coupons for the Florodora Tag Company at the queenly salary of four dollars a week. As assistant behind the newsstand at the Waldorf, she became so proficient that she was promoted to manager of the stand at the newly opened Plaza. Attempting a stage career which, of course, eventually evaporated, she at last landed a job with the *World*, and thereafter becoming a star reporter, finally graduated into what she designates as "Real Life." She became the wife of a fellow *World* reporter; and the mother of an all-absorbing son. Such is the story of *Life Was Like That*. In telling it, the authoress revives memories of a happy period, now three decades past, and portrays vividly and accurately many living characters and personalities of that day and age whose names and photographs, both notable and notorious, were common household possessions throughout the land. From the pinnacle of her newsstand

stool she knew and conversed familiarly with scores of them. And from the citadel of her true Irish intelligence and American shrewdness she critically and justly judged and labeled them.

THE LONG NIGHT. By Andrew Lytle. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$2.50

AGAINST the background of frontier and war times in Georgia, Alabama, and Tennessee is painted in this book the picture of a man whose life is sworn to vengeance. Pleasant McIvor's father had died cruelly and unjustly at the hands of a large and lawless band of secret slave-runners. "Secret death with secret death" is the resolution that ruled a council of the McIvor clan called to avenge its name, and Pleasant swiftly becomes the prime administrator of that decision. One by one he tracks down his father's murderers, and face to face alone he watches with grim satisfaction the terror that grips each victim as he announces his grim purpose—then with two minutes' grace to pray, the death blow, with knife or gun, is cruelly dealt and described with rather stark realism.

Enlisting in the Civil War under the Confederate banner does not distract him from his purpose at first. But gradually friendship comes into his life, and the meaning of life and death, as only war can teach it, comes home to him, and hate dies in his breast. He deserts at the end because he will not fight and cannot keep alive in his heart the fire of vengeance that once burned so fiercely.

Surprising is the information on the jacket that this is Mr. Lytle's first novel. Certainly there is little in his art that betrays the amateur. Though the plot is far from pretty, and almost at times repulsive, the swift, compelling force of his style holds one fascinated, with eyes glued to the pages as to a tragedy of real life. Only once in the book does the reader feel let down badly. That is when Pleasant corners the arch-leader of the band. Instead of dispatching him, he merely deals him a blow with the butt of his pistol because vengeance demands he should die last.

Another fact revealed on the jacket causes no surprise at all. One knows pretty surely that Andrew Lytle must have been born and reared in the section of the country whereof he writes. Only one born in the Old South could write so vividly of the traditions and character of its people.

FAIR COMPANY. By Doris Leslie. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50

THIS novel begins with a full eighteenth century flavor of horses, snuff boxes, hard-drinking squires, and a duel. It ends some 500 pages further and 130 years later with a cocktail party, hard drinking women, a hang-over, and an airplane accident. John Galsworthy or Hugh Walpole would have used several long volumes in getting over the period the author spans in one. It is presented as an historical novel. As fiction it is not without charm. As historical fiction it is necessarily sketchy and superficial. Kings, queens, and ministers from Pitt and George III to Baldwin and George V get their line and only their line. Since, for the most part, they contribute nothing to the movement of the story, they might well be left out. Reform movements take more space and woman suffrage receives the most attention. Indeed, it is a woman's book, about women and written from a feminine viewpoint. Incongruously the author has a man tell the story. No mere man could speak so glibly of dress materials, fashions, and furbelows—and certainly not the retired colonel who has spent his long bachelor years in the military posts of India and South Africa. Yet women he shows us—their restraints, their dependence, their unfair treatment, their dresses, their hats, and especially their morals—through the nineteenth century and the first quarter of the twentieth. Unfortunately, the impression, implicitly conveyed, is that conventional morality is a matter of cowardice and the existence of God dubious and not worth considering.

THEATER

THE success of our past dramatic season is again demonstrated by the return of a number of last winter's productions and by the unbroken run of others. *Idiot's Delight* and *Victoria Regina* gave their companies a vacation during the hottest season and are now back at the Shubert and the Broadhurst Theaters, going stronger than ever. *Boy Meets Girl* did not interrupt its run at the Cort, because it has no powerful stars who insist on a rest. *Dead End* continues its triumphant run at the Belasco, without interruption, as does the comedy called *Three Men on a Horse* at the "scientifically air-cooled" Playhouse. The decadent *Tobacco Road* is in its third year at the Forrest, with James Barton in the leading role again after a rest, and *On Your Toes* has just celebrated its hundred and seventy-eighth performance.

Once in a while New York is presented with a success which no one save the author is able to understand. The producer, perhaps, comprehends it least of all, but he stands pat and pockets the profits. The decayed production known as *Tobacco Road* is the most inexplicable of these successes. The producers now announce their belief that it will run in New York two years longer. Another play whose success is hard to understand, though it is so much more modest a success, is *Mulatto*. This play ran all last winter, all this summer, and is still on the boards as I write. During its entire existence I have never heard one of my acquaintances refer to it, though I move in a circle that is passionately interested in plays and players and is constantly talking about them. I myself did not see *Mulatto* till the end of the season. I could not understand its long sojourn with us then, and I cannot understand it now. It is a badly written, indifferently acted production, and one or two of its tragic scenes lie rather close to comedy as they are presented. But they are not meant to be funny by playwright, producer, or company; and they are not accepted as comedy by the large audiences that see them. *Mulatto* is a sordid story of slave days, telling us all over again about the unhappiness of the black children of white masters. The premise must be granted from the start, and the development is the old and inevitable one of increased despair and final tragedy. It is a depressing development to watch and to think about, and there is not enough art in any phase of the presentation to make one's depression endurable. Yet it remains with us and has made its producer and its company oblivious to "hard times."

Another play whose producer hotly insists that it is a success, and which at least has survived the long hot summer, is Anne Nichols' offering *Pre-Honeymoon*. Practically every reviewer in New York condemned that play after its first performance; but it must be remembered that they also unanimously condemned Miss Nichols' comedy *Abie's Irish Rose*. Miss Nichols certainly remembers this, and she is making a gallant fight for her latest offering. I like her dauntless spirit, but I wish the fight could be waged for a better cause. *Pre-Honeymoon* is undiluted piffle, and only the most fatuous dramatic parent could fail to see its shortcomings. Perhaps I should mention at this point, as another illustration of the triumph of optimism over experience, that *Murder in the Old Red Barn* is in its eighth month at the American Music Hall.

The return of the D'Oyly Carte Company with its Gilbert and Sullivan operas is, of course, the easiest thing of the season to understand. The D'Oyly Carte people came back because we wanted them and because we showed our appreciation of their brilliant productions by filling their theater when they were here. There is talk now of a supplementary season in New York which I hope they will give us.

New attractions are coming along in the distance like an advancing caravan, and the autumn dramatic season is starting later than ever before. Jed Harris's produc-

tion of *Spring Dance*, the first play to arrive, is having a hard struggle for existence at the Empire.

According to the producers there are a lot more arriving soon. In addition to the impressive list of new plays I gave very recently, we are promised *Arrest that Woman* at the National, *Reflected Glory* at the Morosco, *So Proudly We Hail* at the Ambassador, *Love From a Stranger* at the Fulton, *Stage Door* at the Music Box, and *Iron Men* at the Longacre. These are announced firmly, with dates and large gestures. We are also promised an equally long list concerning many of which the details are more vague. If the producers do not falter, we shall see *They Took the Town*, *Ten Million Ghosts*, *Nepenthe*, *Double Dunning*, *Two Hundred Were Chosen*, *Close Quarters*, *Black Eye*, *Green Waters*, *Lenin*, *Sweet River*, *The Wingless Victory*, Noel Coward's *Tonight at Eight-Thirty*, *Johnny Johnson* by Paul Green, *You Can't Take It With You*, by Kaufman and Moss Hart, Romberg's new operetta, *Forbidden Melody*, *The Country Wife* and *The Inner Shrine*.

Most of these are promised for October, and a few are tentatively given theater homes. We can surely count on Maxwell Anderson's *Wingless Victory*, with Katharine Cornell, and on Noel Coward's *Tonight at Eight-Thirty*, which is in rehearsal in London as I write. The Kaufman and Moss Hart offering *You Can't Take It With You* is also certain to reach us sometime during the autumn, though details about it are vague. Gilbert Miller's production, *The Country Wife*, with Ruth Gordon as star, is said to be in rehearsal and should be with us before snow flies. Romberg's *Forbidden Melody* should not have to wait long for a theater, and Elmer Harris's *Inner Shrine* also sounds promising. Leslie Howard is said to be still determined to play *Hamlet* though his *Romeo* in the films was nothing to write a song about. (This with apologies to Mr. Fitzmorris for encroaching.)

Gossip along the new Rialto makes frequent references to the vicissitudes of another scheduled attraction, *Golden Journey*, which may or may not be on the stage of the Booth Theater when these comments are printed. *Golden Journey* has been having troubles during its preliminary road tryouts, but it is not alone in that experience. The number of hopes that perish with new plays along the theatrical country roadside give ambitious young playwrights a good deal to think about. In Boston this play was presented under the title *Days of Grace*. It has been freely revised as well as retitled.

Many sad tales are told, by the way, about these dramatic deaths and retitlings and revisions on the road. The saddest, if true, is the experience of Bayard Veiller with his big success of years ago, *Within the Law*, in which Jane Cowl had a record-breaking run. *Within the Law* failed on the road, so the story goes, and both the author and the play showed signs of utter collapse in Chicago. Edgar Selwyn, the producer, suddenly offered Mr. Veiller one thousand dollars cash for all remaining rights. Mr. Veiller had put a lot of work on his play and he had had great faith in it. But the grueling experience of the tryout had wilted him. He took the cash and departed. Just how much Mr. Selwyn did to the play I do not know. But he brought it back to New York and made a fortune with it.

Take it all in all, we may be fairly sure that though the present theatrical season is beginning late, it will run true to form. Old stars will fail us but new stars will appear. Some of the plays of our established playwrights will fail over night, and one or two big successes will be won by beginners. That, by the way, is the pleasantest and the most heartening thing about the theatrical game. It is a hard game, and the strain of it is terrific. But the newcomers can sit in, and some of them do win out.

ELIZABETH JORDAN.

FILMS

RAMONA. Helen Hunt Jackson's twice told tale of life among the California Indians comes to the screen once again with the romantic simplicity of the story enriched by panoramic backgrounds in natural color. A measure of beauty and effectiveness is thus added to this latest filming, already favored with an excellent cast in appealing roles. The technicolor process appears to be admirably suited to outdoor films of this type wherein artistic composition can be looked for without loss of naturalness. The story, which should be familiar to most movie patrons by this time, relates the marriage of Ramona, the adopted daughter of a Spanish family, to her Indian lover and the tragedy which befalls them when the Americans seize California.

Ramona, in this instance, is played by Loretta Young whose sensitivity and loveliness make the portrait memorable. Obviously destined for popular approval, the picture can be recommended as a wholesome change from the frequent banalities of the sophisticated drama. (*Twentieth Century-Fox*)

OLD HUTCH. Evidently written to order for the star, this film presents Wallace Beery as a shiftless, unkempt and amusing roustabout whose prototype antedates even the union of *Min and Bill*. You've seen Old Hutch before, under several different names. As a matter of fact, all Mr. Beery had to do to play this role was to let his beard grow. As for the slender plot, Old Hutch, improvident husband and father, discovers a small fortune buried on the river bank and resorts to the desperate expedient of wage-slavery in order to shield his sudden wealth from suspicion. When, however, the money passes into the hands of the bank robbers who stole it in the first place, a chain of happy accidents brings about their capture and makes Old Hutch the town hero. The picture is not even slightly unusual but it will provide good family entertainment. (*MGM*)

EVERYTHING IS THUNDER. This is yet another melodrama of espionage in the Great War which will put a strain, not only upon the nerves, but also the credulity of audiences. This type of film runs so much to a pattern, with the inevitable romance between two people whose countries are at war and the subsequent conflict of loyalties, that only the brightest direction can endow it with interest and suspense. Such direction is in evidence here. Douglass Montgomery is cast as a Canadian spy who wins the aid of a German girl in fleeing the enemy country. The convenient and wholly theatrical suicide of the detective, who is pursuing them, finally sets them free. Less circumspect in the matter of ethics than Hollywood, the producers of this film have dragged in a suicide which has not even the excuse of dramatic necessity. Such a mock heroic conclusion adds years on this already aged plot. The picture is for adults. (*Gaumont-British*)

WIVES NEVER KNOW. The idea that a wife must be allowed the privilege of forgiving her husband's misdeeds in order to be perfectly happy is amusingly exploited in this latest marital mix-up involving Mary Boland and Charlie Ruggles. Irony creeps in when it becomes apparent that friend husband offends by his innocence, never having sown any wild oats. Adolph Menjou, the cynical psychologist, advises Miss Boland to demand her rights, and disastrous consequences are only narrowly averted when Charlie tries to abandon himself to dissipation in order to be a model husband. Given such a hilarious situation, these expert comedians could not fail to make the most of it and their troubles are continuously funny. It is, however, farce, that is best suited to an adult audience. (*Paramount*)

THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS

EVENTS

TRIUMPHS at the Harvard Tercentenary indicated a resolute lunge forward. The wearying struggle to grow teeth in the hind legs of rats was crowned with success. A people including in their diet heaps of delicious sawdust was envisioned for the near future. The next meetings will be held in 2036 and 2136 and 2236....At the recent international polo games, interest mounted high and socialite spectators forgot their reserve. Many, it seems, actually exhibited enthusiasm. This sort of thing must stop, social leaders fumed....New York was the scene of a touching rescue. A driver lay buried under a ton of onions. Weeping policemen pulled him out. Strong men, affected, wiped tears from their eyes....Winter telegraphed her approach, as the routine activity of burglars included more and more blankets....A unique problem child appeared in England. A forty-five-year-old boy refused to go to bed every night at ten. His eighty-year-old dad has been having trouble with him for some time, police said. . . .

Bright Sayings: Samuel Goldwyn, Hollywood mogul, declared: "The great actress is something more than a woman....We don't judge them by the same set of standards which we apply to an ordinary little housewife or office worker."...It would be nice for the great actresses if Samuel were the Great Judge. The catch is, Samuel isn't....Great actresses and little housewives—the Judge has one standard for them all....Ralph Thompson in the *New York Times*: "His (Burton's) vision was limited by the Creation and the Day of Judgment....Our vision is not limited by a Beginning and an End."...Maybe, with a little more progress we will be able to put the Beginning after the End....

Quotations from Scripture: "And...Satan shall be loosed out of his prison and shall go forth and seduce the nations."...(*News Flash*, 1918. Bolsheviks capture Russian Government.)... "the charity of many shall grow cold."...(*News Flash*, 1936. Now reaching maturity is a whole generation of militant anti-God Russian youth.)... "And...Satan shall be loosed."...(*News Flash*, 1936. A torrent of propaganda filled with hatred of God is pouring out of Russia, infecting the nations of the earth.)...(*News Flash*, 1936. Contempt of God reaches extremes never before seen in human history.)... "the stones of the Sanctuary are scattered in the top of every street."...(*News Flash*, 1936. Diabolic hatred of religion sweeping the world. Broken statues of Christ litter streets of Spanish cities. Firing squads shoot figure of Sacred Heart. Mexican soldiers smash sacred images of Virgin and Saints. Red bomb topples figure of Christ in Cuba.)... "There will arise up false prophets and they shall show signs and wonders to seduce (if it were possible) even the elect."...(*News Flash*, 1936. Learned professors mock at Christ, scoff at His teachings. Schools, colleges, universities are molding untold millions of young pagans.)... "Little children, it is the last hour; and as you have heard that Antichrist cometh, even now there are become many Antichrists."...(*News Flash*, 1936. Strangely united in only one thing: Stalin, Litvinoff, Calles, Cárdenas, Hitler, Goebbels, Rosenberg strain to tear Christ from the hearts of men.)... And then shall come "the man of sin...showing himself as if he were God....And then that wicked one shall be revealed whom the Lord Jesus shall destroy with the brightness of His coming."...Are Stalin, Cárdenas, Hitler, Goebbels, Rosenberg little property men getting the stage ready for the entrance of the Antichrist?...Is the Antichrist already born?...If so, how old is he now?...People in the past have often been mistaken about the end of the world....It may still be a long way off....And it may be nearer than we think.

THE PARADER.

